VILLAGE MEMOIRS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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AUG

VILLAGE MEMOIRS:

In a SERIES of

LETTERS

BETWEEN

A CLERGYMAN and his Family in the Country, and his SON in Town.

Utinam *veteres Mores*———
Potius majori honori *hic* eſſent, quam *Mores Mali*.
PLAUTUS.

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TO THE

Reverend Mr. ———

Dear Sir,

I Have procured the Letters and Papers you ſo much wiſhed to peruſe, and now preſent them with all due reſpect to you and to the public.

I am, reverend Sir,

with great eſteem,

Your friend and ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

READER, if thou art a man of the world, this book will not pleaſe thee; it was written by thoſe who were abſtracted from mankind, and

and had little reliſh for either the ribaldry or amuſements of the preſent times.—Mr. Paulet was a clergyman unknown in the world, and unknown to all but men like himſelf—the latter part of his life he read mankind chiefly in his ſtudy; for it was his unhappy fate, whenever he wiſhed to take a wider range, to experience little more than their falſehood or infidelity.—His ſon, by becoming

coming a private tutor in town for a while, afforded him frequent opportunities of hearing what follies were moſt predominant; and from his own letters, perhaps, it may not be incurious to trace the decent ſobriety of the character of the old Engliſh gentleman, when compared with the inflated maxims of the modern Indian innovator.—The daughter's correſpondence likewiſe will

will not be totally uninſtructive, as it may afford ſome remarkable inſtances of the great changes that, in a ſhort time, may be brought about from the prevelance of Manners over Laws, Principles, and Morality.—It may be juſtly urged, perhaps, that Mr. Paulet ſaw every thing through a contracted medium; but, however the mind is tempered by virtue, or harmonized

monized by religion, I fear there are few good men who can ſurvey the ſcenes that are continually ſhifting before them, without acrimony or diſguſt.—The mind of man in ſolitude is torpid and inactive, but when caſt on the ocean of life, it is diſſipated and infirm —reſtleſs in the purſuit of ſome hidden good, it wears out its ſenſibility by perpetual motion; and confined within the

limits of an unextended empire, it contracts itself, and becomes gloomy and despondent.

VILLAGE MEMOIRS.

To Mr. Paulet, at Sir Wm. Ruſſell's, Cavendiſh-Square.

Dear Charles,

WE are all under the greateſt anxiety about our Friend and neighbour Mr. Alrington—his diſorder rages more vehemently than ever, and the phyſicians cannot perceive one favourable ſymptom of his amendment—have no time to add further particulars, but fear this is only a preface to worſe Intelligence—will write by to-morrow's poſt—in the mean time your ſiſter joins in all love with your affectionate father,

Marleſton,
Feb. 1, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

To the Same.

Dear Charles,

AT four o'Clock this afternoon I was again ſent for, not to pray by him, but (at my own requeſt) to pay the laſt tribute to expiring Friendſhip—He had no orders to give about either his plumes or his monument—"If I have lived well, ſaid he, my deeds will be graven on the minds of men, and I ſhall have the bleſſings of the deſerving—let the poor be decently ſupplied on the occaſion with all neceſſaries, and if they loved me, they will not wiſh for ſuperfluities—I have ever been their protector, and they would not, I am ſure, convert my funeral into an hour of feſtivity—I feel an awe, but no grief, at my diſſolution—ſome philoſophers, it is ſaid, have been above terrors, but I fear they were below humanity—to ſhudder is the part of the guilty, to ſtand undiſmayed is the language of the Stoic, to be humble is the duty of a man—before the mortification took place, I had need of all my reſolution,

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lution, but I hope in thoſe moments I confeſſed virtue on the rack, and ſuffered torture only to refine my ore from its droſs—There is, I am convinced of it, now a counterpoiſe to all human miſery—ſome hidden reſource which the mind can beſt ſupply at its utmoſt exigency—I feel it now, and ſhould think it ill exchanged for all that titles, wealth, fortune, or power could beſtow upon me, and tho' I am journeying apace to that undiſcovered country, from which I never ſhall return, I would not wiſh for one hour of added life for aught but for my friends, amongſt whom, my deareſt Paulet, I have ever principally eſteemed you—thus ſaying, he preſſed eagerly my hand, looked fervently to heaven — ſighed — and expired. — A ſcene like this awakened all my feelings, and for ſome moments I experienced an awful ſomething without a name — tears and grief had nearly overwhelmed me, but I have again recovered my tranquility, for it would ill become me to fall a victim to diſtreſs, when my life and my profeſſion demand me to make uſe of its inſtruc-

tion — I have gained by his death a trial of that fortitude, which I hope I have not altogether diſgraced — what I have loſt you can eaſily recount with me. —He was a man, (for I muſt ever dwell on his character) who though he had experienced all the falſehood of a bad world, had never ſteeled his heart againſt the feelings of humanity — he was benevolent without vanity, and generous without oſtentation — he had a heart, perhaps, too ſuſceptible of ſoft impreſſions, which ever laid him open to the deſigns of the artful and diſingenuous, ſo that from the ſuperiority of his underſtanding he derived a weakneſs in his wordly conduct—he was warm in his reſentments, but, leſt he ſhould be behind hand in reparation, paid always overprice—he was ſkilled in all the neceſſary truths of the religion he profeſſed, and it was no inferior branch of his knowledge, that he was ever willing to remain ignorant of thoſe deeper myſteries which its divine Author thought fit to conceal from him — he was to me a patron, a benefactor, and a friend, a friend that—but

I

I will here close the subject, entreating you, my dearest Charles, to withdraw frequently from the busy scenes of life to contemplate the character of a man, which may add fervour to virtue, zeal to religion, and confidence to truth.

I am your affectionate father,

Marleston,
Feb. 2, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

FOR all what Mr. Pope ſays — that people never want to receive letters but from London, I have the vanity to think you'll be glad to hear from me, tho' confined in this gloom of ſolitude — We have had a ſad dull winter of it; my father being ſtill quite moped for the death of poor Mr. Arlington: indeed he is a great loſs to us all, but we hope ſoon to have ample amends made us by the great man who has juſt purchaſed his eſtate—he came down yeſterday for the firſt time to view it, for he bought it only from the fine deſcription that was given of it by the great auctioneer in London — his name is Maſſem — he has a ſiſter who is come to that time of life, when you ſay we women begin to caſt long * ſhadows — there are a Mr. and Mrs. Clip, who came with them two dependents, and a Mr. Lay-

* Our ſhadows lengthen as the ſun goes down.

out,

out, a deſigner in taſte in gardening, and no end of ſervants—I have only ſeen them as they paſſed by, for they ſtay but a day or two, as Miſs Maſſem ſays ſhe is indiſpenſibly engaged to go with ſome ducheſs or other to the maſquerade on Thurſday evening next— The pariſh are quite delighted with their appearance; but my father ſeems afraid that theſe great folks ſhould contaminate his flock, but I can't ſee why they ſhould, for they ſay that they will be vaſtly good and charitable to the poor, and when they are down will almoſt entirely maintain them without work, out of their own kitchen—I thought brother you would like to hear a little how we went on, and as you will pay no tax for this intelligence, I could not help ſcribbling a few lines, tho' it was only to aſſure you, that I remain ever your affectionate ſiſter,

Marleſton,
April 10, 1773.

Suſan Paulet.

If you are not too much taken up with your new office, I ſhall be glad to hear how you like London.

To Miſs Paulet, at Marleſton.

Dear Siſter.

I Hope you would not ſuppoſe that either the diverſions of town, or the dignity of my new character as preceptor, would ſo entirely engroſs my attention, as to make me forget my friends—It is true, this mode of life has not a little engaged both my attention and my wonder—I wonder at every thing I ſee, and then I wonder that I ſhould wonder at any thing—all here is one perpetual ſcene of tumult, noiſe, and diſſipation—mankind ever in purſuit of ſomething, which when found, creates more wants than it ſupplies—a general ſiege is laid againſt an old offender called Time, which, though every one complains of the loſs of, yet every one is in league to kill it as faſt as poſſible — the old maid at Ranelagh may have hopes of making a conqueſt, and the old matron at a rout may be enraptured with ſpadille—but, believe me, theſe are only ſecondary conſiderations—

to

to kill ſo much time is the principal point in view—for how can the old maid experience any real pleaſure from haunting thoſe circles where ſhe is conſcious that ſhe is conſidered but as the forlorn ſhadow of her departed beauty—or how can the old matron receive any high gratification from returning to thoſe tables, where ſhe muſt reflect (if ſhe has not ſtifled reflection) that ſhe can only afford new ſpecimens of the acidity of her temper, and the fraudulency of her intentions—indeed ſhe has one conſolation, that the troops ſhe is engaged with are generally full as corrupt and contaminated as herſelf.—You will ſay that the old can have but few proſpects and amuſements—it is true, but they can have real ones, proſpects ever brightening, as attraction muſt ever encreaſe, the nearer we approach the object—but you will now exclaim that I appear already to write from my dictatorial chair, and give laws in the true ſtyle of a ſchool-maſter; but I can never help expatiating on this ſubject, for it is not ſo much the comet itſelf, as the

tail of that comet that I am ſo much in care for — there is always ſome expecting niece or entruſted couſin, who, to be kept out of harm's way, muſt be the watchful ſentinel to all this ſcene of diſorder — good Heavens! as if the mind could be more in harm's way, or more diſſipated than by ſitting ſeven hours attendant on a card table, now and then admiring work, perhaps indulged by introducing her knotting, and ſtoring her mind (for to read would be ill manners) with thoſe remarks only that avarice, ignorance, and ill humour are continually ſuggeſting — and what are the fruits of this miſerable farrago every day's experience too fatally evinces. —You think I wiſh to deter you from coming here — indeed I do, — for tho' the country, I fear, affords frequently no better examples, yet it is impoſſible to drive quite ſo faſt on croſs-roads, as it is on a turn-pike; and there are numbers who can keep themſelves afloat on a gentle ſtream, whoſe ſtrength is yet utterly inſufficient to ſtem a torrent. — I do not doubt either

the

the goodneſs of your heart, or the firmneſs of your intentions, but remember the wiſeſt and the beſt have found the inefficacy of reaſon againſt worldly ſeduction — nor do I mean to ſtifle a generous endeavour, or preclude that trial which is appointed to virtue — I know both their value and reward — but conſider — true courage conſiſts in combating an enemy nobly, that attacks you — it is the part of a bravado only to be aſſiduous for a conteſt.

I ſee I have run out my letter to an unconſcionable length, ſo conclude myſelf abruptly, with duty to my father,

Your affectionate brother,

Cavendiſh-Square,
April 20, 1773.

Charles Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Honnurd Sir,

HOPING as how your honnur will excuſe my bouldneſs, I trouble your honnur to tell you that I have lit of a miſhap, and am afeard my old meaſter ſhould know ont—I have Sr for a long time been after one Jane Felly the weelrites dawter, and now ſir ſhe wants to be married to me, ſeeing as how ſhes in a full condition for it—to be ſure ſir I have ſavd a little monney in ſarvice, and if your honnur would but be ſo good as to get her a place in London, if it was neer ſuch a bad one, I think the thing might be ſoon huſhd up—I dont at all mind what a place it is, ſeeing as how it is for nothing but a kiver, indeed the worſer the better as they ſay, as it is only for a time—I have no friend on earth to ply to but your honnur, and indeed I need not have one more cleverer for this or any thing elſe, if your honnur would but be ſo kind as to ſarve me int, and ſay nothing

thing ont to my old meaſter—ſo hoping for your goodneſs I am your dutiful ſarvant

to command,

Marlſton
Apr. 24, 1773.

John Cuttle.

To

To the Revd. Mr. Paulet, at Marleſton.

Dear Father,

I Now ſit down to give you ſome account of the pupil who is entruſted to my care—He is a young man of rank and fortune, and not totally devoid of literary attainments—for a ſhort time he has been at Weſtminſter ſchool, but (as too frequently is the caſe) has been ſo much taken off by the diverſions of the town, that it was well if in the courſe of the week the Maſters were able to remove that love of diſſipation, which the young man had imbibed the preceding days of it—however, before I came to him he could tolerably conſtrue ſome of the eaſier claſſics, and he is by no means deficient in point of natural abilities—by the death of his mother he is now committed to the care of an uncle, who, for a year and a half, has placed him under my direction—

what

what my mediocrity ſhall be able to impart I know not; but attention will not be wanting, and I have a father ever able and willing to ſupply all my deficiencies — my preſent endeavour is to improve his taſte by furniſhing his mind with the beſt criticiſms on antient literature, ſuch as Warburton's on the 6th Book of Virgil, and Hurd's on the Art of Poetry.—By the aid of theſe books I perceive his mind to be wonderfully enlarged, and he has already remarked that the fame of the commentators ought nearly to equal the glory of their reſpective authors—from hence you will gather that he has Feeling, which in preference to every other conſideration ought principally to be improved. — He has juſt aſked my opinion of the Ramblers, which, ſays he, I find are generally conſidered as pompous and pedantic — I tell him that the Ramblers are my manuals, and I can more properly apply the words of Biſhop Burnet to them, than to any other modern productions, "That "they are the ſtore-houſe of all moral vir-"tues." — I fear he thinks I have ſtrong prejudices,

prejudices, for he often obſerves that the world ſpeaks quite otherwiſe — as to the world, I tell him, there are but few who are capable of judging—thoſe that are, either through envy or other malignant paſſions, will rarely do juſtice to living authors— Johnſon would be more read, was his matter as thinly ſpread as in other periodical publications—then he has written on party ſubjects, and this can never be forgiven by his vanquiſhed opponents— Warburton is not leſs obnoxious on the ſame account—indeed ſo far I will accede —that the one by long dealing in words has too much encreaſed the vocabulary, and the other by dealing too much with mankind has at length exceeded the decent limits of all ſober ſatire — but truth and virtue were their guides, and whilſt theſe remain in the world, ſuch authors will ever be conſidered as their brighteſt ornaments—an old gentleman was by chance preſent at this dialogue between my pupil and me, who haſtily exclaimed, "Good God! ſir, why, I never heard a ſyllable of all this, in regard to either of them,

them, and I have reſided the greateſt part of my life * at Bath, except two months that I lived with my brother in Fleet-ſtreet.

I am, &c.

Cavendiſh-Square,
April 29, 1773.

C. Paulet.

* The Biſhop of Glouceſter lived at Prior Park, near Bath, and the author of the Ramblers in Johnſon's Court, Fleet-ſtreet. Editor.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Honnurd Sir,

NOT hearing from your honnur ſo ſoon as was expected, we hope now that you will know nothing of the matter, for we have gotten a licenſe, and are married, and all is well agen—ſhe thinks ſhe ſhant be lighted of near three months, and thats longer by two than her mother was, and by all three than almoſt any other woman in the pariſh—I am afeard of nobody ſaying ought about the matter but my old meaſter, but you know Sr he is very partickler this way—but if he ſhould ſir I muſt tell him that neighbour Snarles wife was church'd and married and the child chriſtned and all the ſame day, and thof to be ſure my old meaſter made a bogle ont, yet you know he was blig'd to do it after all, and the child for ought I can ſee was born in as good wedlock as mine will be—howſomever I muſt do as well as I can by her now, and hope God will proſper my honeſt endeavours, thof

thof to be ſure I ſhould be ſorry if my old meaſter was diſoblig'd by it.

I am your dutiful ſarvant
to command

Marleſton,
May 1, 1773.

John Cuttle.

To

To John Cuttle, at Marleſton.

John,

TO little purpoſe has my father explained to you the duties of religion, both in and out of church, if at your time of life you have made no better uſe of them—tho' you ought not to deſert the creature you have debauched, yet there can be little proſpect of happineſs where the foundation is laid in iniquity—it is not a number of bad people in a pariſh that can ſanctify a bad action; and whatever may be the opinion of your neighbours, that will not, or ought not at leaſt, to lighten the burden of your own conſcience — what you have done is in open violation of your duty, and in expreſs diſobedience to the laws of your God — you and your guilty partner muſt repent of your errors, and where you may have little hopes from the juſtice of the

the Almighty, through his mercy you may have full aſſurance of pardon.

I wiſh you well, and ſubſcribe myſelf your friend,

Cavendiſh-Square,
May 5, 1773.

C. Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

TO day I have paid a viſit for the firſt time to our great neighbours—Oh! Charles — ſuch a viſit! — I was accoſted with—" So, Dr. I reckon you'd be glad to wet your throat after talking ſo long to your pariſh—pray be free, and call for any thing you like here—you need not ſtand mealy-mouthed, as if you was with ſome of your half-ſtarved country 'ſquires—call about you, man, ſays he—we don't cupboard the bottoms of the bottles here—why, egad, my ſervants in the kitchen live grander than all the gentry hereabouts put together."—" Gentry—ſays Miſs Maſſem—rabble you mean, brother."—I only replied, that I rarely drank wine in an afternoon—the converſation then chiefly ran on their own grandeur, and the ignorance and poverty of their neighbours—after tea — Mr. Layout favoured us with Remarks on Taſte in Gardening: alas! how different from poor Mr. Arlington's (which

(which by the bye I ſhall ſelect for you from his papers) and Miſs Maſſem inſiſted on my looking at her Trou Madame table; for tho' ſhe knew, ſhe ſaid, that I would not be ſo wicked as to play of a Sunday, yet ſhe declared that I ſhould look at it—I told her I ſuppoſed that it might be as innocent as any other game, but that I thought the Sabbath might be full as well employed—" ay, but how Dr. ſays the 'ſquire—for there's no viſiting hereabouts, and we never go to church; though in compliment to you, we ſhall always ſend the ſervants." — I hoped they would come from a better motive — " ay, ay, ſays he, thoſe ſort of people like to ſhow their beſt clothes."—Mr. Layout obſerved that Sunday was only fit to travel on; and Miſs Maſſem added, that at beſt it could only be conſidered as a horrid *Bore*."—I would have it now, ſays the nabob, as in foreign parts, all life and jolity and dancing, and not keep it as they do here, juſt as tho'f it was a Faſt."—Perhaps, ſir, ſaid I, if limimitations could be ſet to amuſements, it might be an improvement—proper recrea-

tions

tions are as neceſſary for the mind as the body; and, when ſeaſoned with temperance, keep both in equal harmony; but the misfortune is, that where no line could be drawn, people would ſoon go from the fields to a play-houſe, from the play-houſe to a rout, and from a rout to a maſquerade.—" Well, ſays Miſs Maſſem, and ſuppoſe they did, it would be much better I think than to ſtay at home, and be all out of humour with one another." — I certainly agreed with her that it would, if that muſt be the neceſſary conſequence. —This ſhort dialogue throws a ſtrong light on their reſpective characters, and when I conſider what a total change ſuch a family may bring about in a village, I reaſon upwards and look with horror on an infected kingdom—if time and reflection can work any improvement, I ſhall gradually inculcate better notions; at preſent, it is in vain to attempt to ſow good principles in a ſoil not formed for their reception.

Your

Your ſiſter joins in all love with your affectionate father,

Marleſton,
May 9, 1773.

Robert Paulet.

Pray write oftener, for old folks, though they are thrown out of the world, love to hear what is doing in it.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

THO' my father ſeems to diſlike this new family, and to be ſure they have ſome odd ways with them, yet upon the whole they are vaſtly agreeable—Miſs Maſſem has taken great notice of me, and was ſo kind as to ſend for me the other evening to make up a dance — yeſterday ſhe took me with them to return Sir John Oldbury's viſit—Oh Lord, they are ſo queer and ſo formal—to be ſure we laughed immoderately all dinner-time — Miſs Maſſem declared that if every thing had not been as awkward as it was, ſhe ſhould never have refrained at the ſight of poor ſir John's periwig, to ſay nothing of his antiquated wife, and his two full blown daughters — to be ſure Miſs Maſſem ſaid they meant to be very civil, but they were almoſt too bad to viſit, however as they were her neareſt neighbours, ſhe would always endeavour to make an annual ſacrifice.—As to Mr. Maſſem, he ſaid it was much

much the ſame what places he viſited at, for moſt of our country gentry kept ſuch bad cooks, that he ſhould always be obliged to get away as ſoon as poſſible, that he might make an early ſupper — and for the future, if he muſt viſit ſir John, he ſhould always go out of principle on an Aſh Wedneſday — However, they know nothing of all this, and if they did not ſee us laugh, I believe took the viſit very kind and friendly.

I am your affectionate ſiſter,

Marleſton,
May 20, 1773.

Suſan Paulet.

At the ball, I had the honour to dance with captain Glanville, who is reckoned one of the fineſt gentlemen in England; he was moſt exceſſively complaiſant to me, tho' all the other ladies in the room were much my ſuperiors.

To Miſs Paulet.

Dear Siſter,

I Thank you for every remembrance of me—but if you wont take it quite ill, I muſt rally you a little about *day-viſiting* —to be ſure it is conſidered as a mark of friendſhip and eſteem, but I believe in general that it proceeds from little more than a love of diſſipation, or to gratify an idle curioſity.—I remember paying a viſit of the ſort you ſpeak of, and could not help reflecting how little amuſement there could be either to the *entertainers* or the *entertainees*.—Thoſe who are to *entertain* are anxious for the dignity or propriety of the treat, and where there is much anxiety there can be little or no comfort—then if any awkward circumſtances ſhould occur (as the world now goes), they know they will be the talk of the whole neighbourhood; and where ſervants are not always in trammels, ſome will ſpill the beer, and others trample on your favourite lap-dog. —On the other hand thoſe who are to be *entertained*, as ſoon as they have ſwallow-

ed

ed their dinners, talked of the wine, the weather, and the roads — heard perhaps that ſir John Strictly's hares are all ſnared, or that Dr. Meanwell has got into a freſh diſpute about tythes — are abſolutely told that the coach is at the door — this is all the regalement, unleſs perchance the ladies at tea have juſt had time enough to inform them that the Dr's daughters are grown as fat as porpoiſes — nothing more is to be done but to pack up — recall the coachman who has juſt ſtepped back for one more draught of ale — to expreſs great ſatisfaction for the entertainment they have received — hope that the family will return the viſit as ſoon as poſſible, which will make them moſt inexpreſſibly happy, and lo! the laſt lagging footman is juſt come out to take his horſe. — Well — all ceremonies are now paſſed — and as they are ſafely out of hearing, it is high time to turn every thing into ridicule, or to recount the miſeries of the day — "To think, ſays one lady, of all the trouble I had with my hair, and to ſee no more company — but that is always the caſe whenever I am

well dreſſed—the next time I declare, I'll viſit in my night-cap."—"Lord, ſays another, I knew very well what the viſit would turn out, and put on a laſt year's negligee on purpoſe—however, we have certainly been of uſe to them—we have aired their plate, reviewed their footmen, and thinned their poultry-yard."—Thus the badneſs of the roads is beguiled with low ſneers and petty detraction, till the party congratulate one another on their ſafe return to their own home—for a while they ſit moped—diſcontented—call for the card-table, (one hates *whiſt*, and another abominates *quadrille*) are all killed with the fatigues of the day; but as home is of all places the worſt, a ſervant is immediately diſpatched to poor old lady Humdrum's, to acquaint her that they will do themſelves the honour of waiting upon her ladyſhip on the morrow.—Thus is life waſted without either profit or amuſement, and people preſume to thank their ſtars that they can lead uſeful and rational lives, whilſt Mr. Pedant is poring over his books, and Mrs. Conſerve

Conſerve is employed in writing out new receipts to preſerve apricots.

I am, &c. &c.

Cavendiſh-ſquare,
May 29, 1773.

Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Charles,

MY time of late has been much taken up in aſſiſting the executors to ſettle Mr. Arlington's affairs—we now find that from the very advantageous ſale of the eſtate, after paying off all the debts, there will be ſomething left very conſiderable for his relations—a circumſtance which could he have known, poor man! would have greatly contributed to have brightened up the evening of his days—but to wave this melancholly ſubject.

So ignorant, Charles, was I of the world, that I did not know it was one great inſtance of politeneſs to go up to town only juſt to come down again, and that with ſuch rapidity, that a by-ſtander might fancy that the national welfare depended on their ſpeed—*We* have now brought down with us, I aſſure you, as part of *our* retinue, a domeſtic chaplain, Mr. *Pliant*—ſo ſilken, ſo ſupple, and ſo complying, that I could almoſt fancy him to ſay to his patron

patron—"Is it your pleaſure, ſir, to believe in God?"—He is, I find on enquiry, a diſtant relation, and ſeems thoroughly broke in to the office he is to fill—yeſterday, as I was returning from my uſual ride, I met him, like *Juſtice Overdo* in the comedy, in queſt of enormities, and we really enjoyed a very pretty kind of a chit-chat, till at length ſome how or other I dropped out ſomething about ſervilities—"Servilities!" ſays he, "now I reckon you think that I am forced to ſubmit to ſome ſervilities as you call them—no, ſir, let me tell you, my mode of life is perfectly agreeable to me—Mr. Maſſem keeps a good table, has the choiceſt liquors—and, though your country hereabouts to be ſure is dull enough, yet we have always company in the houſe to paſs away the time with—and as for buſineſs, I have nothing to do but to duſt the books—clean the bird-cages, and now and then make rebuſſes for the ladies—indeed if we had not ſome amuſements amongſt ourſelves, it would be dull enough here, for I have been ſauntering about," ſays he, "for theſe

two hours, and cannot meet with any one thing worthy the leaſt obſervation"— "Surely," ſays I, "ſir, nature, to a mind capable of reflection like yours, every where preſents a fund of entertainment— to a man, who knows how to take a ride, this blade of graſs, or this declining hill affords an infinite ſcope for contemplation—in this ſequeſtered ſcene methinks I could ſay with Shakeſpeare, that I

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing."

but if this retired proſpect delights you not, I will return with you to the top of the hill, and preſent you with an object that may call forth all your attention— that is at once a cure for pride, and a lecture to ambition; that reminds philoſophy of its true end, and makes none but the ignorant tremble to behold it—it leads the languid to hope, allays the thirſt of avarice, and places wealth on its true foundation—

foundation—to you and me, ſir, it may be the vehicle to happineſs; a car more triumphant than ever graced the conqueſts of a Cæſar, or an Alexander" —"Good God! ſir," ſays my companion, "what can you mean?—I can ſee nothing but a HEARSE."

In ſhort, Charles, as I found the preſent delighted him not, I thought it by no means unfair to raiſe his proſpect to Futurity.

I am, dear Charles, &c. &c,

Marleſton,
June 6, 1773. Robert Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Father,

I Intended by to-day's poſt to have ſent you a ſtring of political reports, with ſome large extracts from ſpeeches ſaid to have been lately made in the houſe of commons; but, as I find the former are nothing but reports, and the latter like dying confeſſions, were printed beforehand, I now ſit down with an abſolute determination to give you nothing but the truth.

The grand vehicle of buſineſs in this metropolis appears to me to be a *Lie*—it riſes in the morning with the watchman, bawling out—*Half an hour paſt eleven o'clock*, and accompanies the 'prentice home, who pulls out his watch with great eagerneſs to convince his maſter that it has not yet ſtruck *twelve*—through the regions of darkneſs, its operations perhaps are better ſuppoſed than deſcribed, for it ſtands not unveiled in open day-light till it is circulated through the Strand by paragraphs,

graphs, poſtcripts, letters, and advertiſements—fame, in the ſhape of a news-carrier, ſounding the trumpet before it.—By its aid the tradeſman and his wife are enabled to drink their coffee, and by its aid the tradeſman and his wife are enabled to drink that coffee comfortably, for ſcandal, like irreligion, gives a reliſh to many enjoyments.—But now the whole city is in a ferment, for there its mornings are monopolized, and it is *exchanged* and *brokered* about to greater or leſs advantage from its different degrees of ſanctity in great wigs, and its more or leſs ſolemnity in city faces—indeed it is never a moment unemployed there but at dinner-time, when it ſteals away to meet the ſtateſman on his return from the gaming-table or the ſtews—with him it holds a levee, where it is decked in ſmiles and graces—(what it has loſt in weight it has gained in politeneſs)—and lends to expectation, even the confidence of ſucceſs—the veil indeed is never taken off, for the promiſer gives a hundred to ſtrengthen one, till time alone convinces you of the uncertainty of a future

ture day — you now plead loudly for admittance, but to-morrow is called in to the juggler's aid, for this afternoon he is engaged to vote againſt *the Articles*, and at night he muſt negociate with a Jew ere he dares to ſhow his face again before the waiter at Almack's — but his ſervants perhaps are town-bred, and are taught to deſcry want and neceſſity by intuition—Lying is their profeſſed ſcience, for what miſchiefs might not enſue if through ignorance a ſtranger ſhould be let in to ſee a patriot barter his integrity, or a fair one her reputation and her virtue—if miſtakes like theſe ſhould ariſe, *Honour* muſt be called in as a ſafe-guard here, as *Goodneſs* is the ſecurity of the city—but the evening advances, and it is now ſold wholeſale at theatres, lecture-ſhops, and all other places of public diverſion—like Scrub, it may be ſaid to be of all profeſſions—" one day it drives the coach, another it drives the plough, another it draws warrants, and another it draws beer"—it ſeems to be the deſideratum of the philoſopher, for it operates univerſally from the ſpeech that is adminiſtered

adminiſtered at noon-day, to the dark ſlander that is only launching into whiſperhood — the poet relies upon it for his dinner, and the politician for his pay—the divine—but hold—here it can be of no uſe except now and then to explain a text,—till it openly ſtands confeſſed, and by a *nolo epiſcopari* becomes a paſſport to a biſhopric—in ſhort, where is it not of uſe, except in the uncontrouled intercourſe between a tender and indulgent father and an ever dutiful and affectionate ſon.

I am, &c.

C. Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

I Am ſo angry at your laſt letter, that I could almoſt reſolve not to write to you any more.—I told Miſs Maſſem ſome of your Remarks on *Day-viſiting*, and ſhe ſays that if you give into a way of being ſo ſevere, you will never be a favourite amongſt the ladies,—beſides, brother, I receive ſo many civilities from this family, that I ſhould tax myſelf with the height of ingratitude, if I endeavoured to give you an opportunity of turning their foibles into ridicule — however, as I dare not truſt you with my own remarks, I have at my father's requeſt tranſcribed ſome of Mr. Arlington's, which I doubt not but you will find both valuable and entertaining—the next opportunity he has of conveying a packet too large for the poſt, he will ſend

ſend you, according to promiſe, *Strictures on Landſcape Gardening*.

I am, &c.

July 2d, Marleſton. Suſan Paulet.

Remarks

Remarks, from the late Mr. Alrington's Papers.

I.

MEN are frequently moſt deſirous of talking on thoſe Subjects they leaſt underſtand — for the ſame reaſon perhaps as ladies at ninety-nine affect to have the tooth-ach.

II.

Addiſon, a man of great Judgment in other branches of literature, is ſcarce ever right when he criticizes the old Engliſh language.

III.

No man can properly criticize Milton who has not carefully ſtudied Euripides *.

* Mr. Arlington here probably alludes to *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, many paſſages of which appear evidently to be borrowed from thence.

IV.

IV.

There ought to be an act of parliament againſt burying authors of eminence under their own ruins—Swift will ſoon be an example of this.

V.

It has been objected againſt ſtudying Thucydides, that he wrote a large folio compriſing only a very ſhort period—the time indeed is ſhort, but the writer made ample amends by the force of his deſcriptions, and the ſublimity of his ſtyle—and it is a ſufficient encomium perhaps to ſay that he was ſtudied by Demoſthenes, and imitated by Salluſt.

VI.

Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Man is certainly a very maſterly performance in point of poetry; but the philoſophy contained in it is flimſy and unconnected.

VII.

Sterne will be immortal when Rabelais and Cervantes are forgot—they drew their Characters from the particular genius

nius of the Times—Sterne confined himſelf to nature only.

VIII.

Till my uncle Toby appeared I had uſed to aſſert, that no character was ever better drawn than that of ſir Roger de Coverly.

IX.

A man may as well give himſelf the trouble to copy nature as Sterne.

X.

How much ſoever the ancients might abound in elegance of expreſſion — their works are very thinly ſpread with ſentiment.

XI.

Education ſhould be the mirror of former prejudices.

XII.

I have frequently thought that the duty of viſiting the ſick ſhould not be veſted in the prieſt, for who knows but the conſtant ſights of dying perſons may in

in time render their hearts, like thoſe of butchers and ſurgeons, callous and void of humanity.

XIII.

A man by ſwearing may draw down a curſe upon himſelf, but never one upon his neighbour.

XIV.

It is ſaid by Tacitus, that men loſe their reſpect for you in proportion to the favours you beſtow — but as few perhaps know how to give with delicacy, as others to receive with proper gratitude.

XV.

The parliament of England is formed in a manner not totally diſſimilar from that of the ancient council of * Amphictyons,

* The general Attention of this Aſſembly, and the invariable object of all its modellers and directors, was to form a complete repreſentative of all Greece; as the good of each individual was ſubſervient to that of his community, ſo the good of each community was conſidered as ſubordinate to that

tyons, or, as it is called by Demoſthenes, the whole Hellenic body.

XVI.

that of the whole nation. Their Αγηφωλιτικος was the man who conſidered himſelf as a member of the ſtate, who ſubmitted his conduct to the laws, who acted intirely under their direction, who gained popularity, not by flattering the people, but by procuring their good; on the other hand, the inhabitants did not confine their regards to their own private affairs, they did not conſider public difficulties merely as they affected their own tranquility, or that of their families; they were taught to regard their country as a common mother to whom they belonged no leſs than to their natural parents. While theſe principles preſerved their due vigour and influence, Greece continued a really united body, happy in itſelf, and formidable to its enemies; but as ſoon as the nation began to degenerate, its repreſentative, of courſe, ſhared in the corruption—and this degeneracy encreaſed ſo faſt that at length, we read, that moſt of thoſe who were deputed to ſit in this once famous council of Amphictyons, were ſo corrupt, that they even came prepared to earn the Wages of iniquity—to devote themſelves intirely to the ſervice of the crafty and the enterpriſing, who could pay them moſt liberally

XVI.

The character of the king of Pruſſia, in many of the moſt remarkable ſtrokes of it, ſtrongly reſembles that of Philip of Macedon.

XVII.

True politeneſs is the unaffected reſult of good nature and good ſenſe.

XVIII.

Turnpike-roads and circulating libraries are the great inlets of vice and debauchery — the ladies will ſay this remark is quite Gothic, but their huſbands feel the truth of it too forcibly.

XIX.

County races are meetings where the men aſſemble to quarrel about horſes, and the women about precedence.

liberally, without regard to their own honour, the intereſt of the community, or the general good of Greece.

Vid. B. of Meaux, and Dr. Leland, &c.

XX.

XX.

Plauſibility is a more marketable quality than good ſenſe.

XXI.

The man who bids faireſt for ſucceſs, as candidate for any office where the public is principally concerned, is not he who has the moſt friends, but he who has feweſt enemies—not he whoſe talents raiſe an idea of ſuperiority, but he whoſe mediocrity begets reſpect.

XXII.

Ambitious men who meet with diſappointments either become quite deſperate, or ſink into a ſtate of indolence and inſenſibility.

XXIII.

What you pleaſe means, I expect much more than I can in reaſon aſk for.

XXIV.

How frequently a man draws his own character beſt, when he means to give you that of another perſon.

XXV.

XXV.

In univerſities we ſee the triumph of learning over wealth — in manufacturing towns the triumph of wealth over literature.

XXVI.

No age ever gave ſtronger proofs of the certainty of a future ſtate than the preſent, by the triumph of vice over virtue and religion.

XXVII.

There is no inſtance but in religion, where it is a compliment to approve the profeſſion, and abuſe the practice.

XXVIII.

A malevolent man is always very laviſh in his encomiums on the dead, becauſe he thinks it is an inſult to the living.

XXIX.

Mirth compared with chearfulneſs is as the huzza of a mob to the ſober applauſe of a thinking people.

XXX.

As religion riſes in ſpeculation, it will loſe in practice.

XXXI.

Metaphyſics, however uſeful to detect the ſubtilty of others arguments, are often very detrimental to the proficients in them—Reaſon herſelf may be loſt by refinement.

XXXII.

The world generally aſſerts that ſpendthrifts have but half the fortune they really have, and that miſers have at leaſt twice as much.

XXXIII.

Young men are encouraged to take up general hiſtory much ſooner than they ought — I would have them ſtrongly impreſſed with moral virtues, before they venture to read ſo dreadful a detail of crimes and misfortunes.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Foreign travel is knowledge to a wiſe man, and foppery to a fool.

XXXV.

Man cannot be engaged in a deeper ſcience than that of himſelf.

XXXVI.

Faſhion is not only the greateſt tyrant, but the greateſt impoſtor.

XXXVII.

A man of bad morals can never be a patriot, for being deſtitute of virtue himſelf, he muſt ever wiſh to make his country like his own heart, a ſcene of anarchy and confuſion.

XXXVIII.

Some authors boaſt that they always write in haſte—but what is this but in other words to ſay, that they are poſſeſſed of ſuch wonderful talents, that the world may eaſily compound for error and neglect.

XXXIX.

We frequently condemn old people for their love of pleaſure and company—but ſurely the morning of life is beſt ſuited to buſineſs—the evening to ſociety.

XL.

Abuſe is that tax which merit muſt always pay for its ſuperiority.

XLI.

When maiden ladies come to a certain age, they do not reject the men ſo much from a love of virtue, as from reſentment for the neglect that has long been ſhown them—they then begin to hate the male ſex in general, from the inattention of particulars.

XLII.

In party diſputes the prize is given to the moſt violent—but violence, we know, is the child of error.

XLIII.

Was it not well ſaid, that Goodnature, like

like the God of Nature, was not always extreme, to mark what was done amiſs?

XLIV.

Men often complain of the fickleneſs of fortune—the error lies in their miſtaking her benefits for perpetual gifts, inſtead of being grateful for a temporary loan.

XLV.

Becauſe Plato "reaſoned well," Cato is ſaid to have fallen on his ſword.—I fear it is becauſe our modern infidels reaſon ill, that they ſo frequently become Suicides.

To Miſs Paulet.

Dear Siſter.

IT would be one of the moſt melancholy hours of my life, if I could ſuppoſe myſelf capable of giving you any juſt grounds of offence — that you might not he caught with the glare of falſehood, inſtead of reality, I have ever endeavoured to give you all the caution in my power; far would I be from debarring you of the leaſt pleaſures that are reaſonable, but wiſh you only to be moderate in the purſuit of them — if caution of every kind comes not beſt from a brother, from whom can it come? He can have no intereſt but yours, nor any ſtruggle or competition, but who ſhall make moſt happy the tendereſt and moſt affectionate of parents —but I will not ſuffer myſelf to ſuppoſe that you have ever felt the leaſt reſentment —on all ſubjects let me ſpeak the free ſentiments of my heart, as you muſt ever be convinced

convinced of my utmoſt ſincerity and affection.

I am, &c.

C. Paulet.

P. S. Pray tell my father, that in his next I hope to receive his permiſſion for my going into Orders, that as ſoon as poſſible I may alleviate the burden of thoſe expences, which have already, I fear, fallen too heavy upon him.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

I Received your laſt *kind* letter, and now ſit down to give you ſome little account of the jaunt I have juſt taken with my good friends into Derbyſhire.—My father, for a long time, was againſt my going, but Miſs Maſſem did every thing in her power to teize him into it.—At Derby we ſaw the Silk-mills, and what I liked much better the new aſſembly room, and the China manufactory, but we ſtaid there only a ſhort time, for there was a low family who found out Mr. Maſſem, and was exceedingly troubleſome and impertinent to him, ſo in the evening we went to Kedleſton, where we had a very tolerable dance — next day we ſaw lord Scarſdale's, which is very fine to be ſure; but Miſs Maſſem found great fault with the furniture of the houſe, and Mr. Layout, who was with us, allowed no part of

of the garden ground to be diſpoſed in taſte—Mr. Maſſem admired nothing but the large pillars; and captain Glanville thought there was a great deal of idle money thrown away upon the library—as for myſelf, I liked every thing, but particularly the ſideboard—from Kedleſton we went to Matlock, which, if it was not for the company, would, if poſſible, be ten times more diſmal than Marleſton—however, we danced and went upon the water with muſic, and drank tea at the boat-houſe, and, upon the whole, paſſed our time very agreeably — from thence we went to Chatſworth — it proved a moſt charming day, and we were all enraptured with the water works — in ſome places, cataracts of water fall down ſtairs twenty yards deep, and in others the water is forced up into the air to the moſt incredible height, to ſay nothing of the artificial tree, which would have ſprinkled us all over from its leaves, if it had not been out of order — from Chatſworth we went to Buxton, where we joined parties with lord Canvaſs and Dr.

and Mrs. Grudgens—at firſt they took no notice of us, but as ſoon as they found out who Mr. Maſſem was, they were particularly complaiſant and civil.—My lord is moſt exceedingly engaging — but Dr. Grudgens talks of nothing but eating and preferment—and then ſo ſuſpicious, that in a morning when he played at *all-fours* with capt. Glanville, if the hand was not out before the bell rung, he was ſure to keep the cards in his pocket all the while he knelt down to ſay his prayers—indeed prayers here are merely made a farce of—for people laugh and whiſper the whole time — tho' it would not ſignify much if they did not, for what with the howling of dogs, the bawling of footmen, and the gigling of ladies maids in the paſſages, it would be utterly impoſſible to hear one ſyllable that the parſon ſaid—poor man!—I was really quite ſorry for him, and my father would have abſolutely been ſhocked, for the company had uſed to pay him more or leſs, juſt as they won or loſt at cards — indeed I thought he ſeemed to have

have no advantage but that of ſaying grace at the head of the table, whilſt the ladies were fighting for the wings of the chickens.—But I muſt tell you one circumſtance that happened about Mrs. Grudgens—one day ſhe was very buſy in carving an immenſe gooſe that ſtood before her, when capt. Glanville deſired her next neighbour to help him to ſome apple pye—Mrs. Grudgens, with all the good nature in the world, came immediately out of the gooſe, and plunged directly into the pye—to be ſure ſhe was elbow-deep in ſage and onion — and the captain was ſo unlucky, for he is a man of vaſt wit, as to ſet all the company into a loud laugh by calling out — "For heaven's ſake madam ſtop — I aſked for apple pye—I did not mean a medley one."

Whether

Whether you are at all entertained with my letter or not, you will ſee at leaſt that my reſentments are of no long continuance — and that I am as much as ever,

Your affectionate ſiſter,

Suſan Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

I Muſt ſtill think you too young to go into orders—I may be particular in my notions perhaps — but I will chearfully ſtraiten my own circumſtances to approve my ſincerity.—It has been well obſerved, that "young men are apt to miſtake the completion of their academic courſes for the completion of their theologic ſtudies" — a miſtake which inclines them to aſpire to teach others, ſeeing the rather, (as St. Paul expreſſes it) that they ought to be taught themſelves."—Thoſe who are appointed to explain the oracles of God, ſhould have attended to them moſt particularly — otherwiſe they may ſoon be caught in the deluſive ſnares of modern infidelity, or wax old in the pernicious ſyſtem of not changing "the poſture of defence, and of keeping to ſtrong holds."—And I am ſorry to obſerve, that true

true religion has nearly ſuffered as much from the one as from the other—Our Saviour, perhaps, has confined the practice of our duty within the limits of his own ſermon on the mount; nevertheleſs, as a divine, it will be required that you ſhould be able to give a rational account of the faith that is in you—a rational and a cautious one let it always be, for the Scriptures, in the hands of controvertiſts, have generally been wreſted to the moſt infamous purpoſes—each man inſiſting on that being irreligion, which was only not conſonant to his own prejudices.—St. Auguſtine, I know, aſſerts, that * "when any enquiry is made, it is not neceſſary that you ſhould ſay any thing to the purpoſe, but well or ill that you ſhould always keep talking"—but none but ſuch a ſaint would have ſaid it, and this very aſſertion with me would invalidate his whole authority.—In regard to ſtudying the Fathers in general, I can only ſay,

* Dictum eſt tamen—, non ut aliquid deceretur, ſed ne taceretur. Aug. de Trin. lib. v. c. 9.

that

that I hope they were ſincere, but by their ſtrange interpretations, (to ſay no worſe of them) they have opened a door to ridicule; and from their abſurdities, modern infidels have ſought occaſion to undermine the main fabrick of religion itſelf. What can be ſaid in excuſe for writers, where ſome endeavour to prove that it was neceſſary there ſhould be only † four evangeliſts, becauſe there were only four elements, four climates, four cardinal winds, and four cardinal virtues; and others ‡ that Chriſt could not aſcend to ſit at the right hand of God, for if he ſat at the right, God himſelf muſt ſit at the left."—Theſe are not merely the teſtimonies that Voltaire, Rauſſeau, or even Dr. Middleton, may bear againſt them, but the more certain teſtimony that they bear againſt themſelves;—from what I have ſaid, therefore, think no ſcorn to

† Quatuor, quoniam quatuor ſunt partes orbis terræ, &c. Aug. de Conſ. Evang. lib. 1. 3. it. Vid. Iren. lib. iii. c. 11. Theophyl. Proœm in Matth.

‡ Si Filius ſederet ad dextram, Pater ſederet ad ſiniſtram.

trace

trace the cauſes of their miſtakes, but by no means preſume to determine eſſentials on their fallacious authority. And let me require you never to raiſe ſcruples in the minds of well diſpoſed people, under the pretence of preaching againſt infidelity, for if your arguments are ever ſo cogent, you cannot ſtrike at any great number, for very few infidels will ever be your hearers — and there is no ſuch thing as a Sect of Free-thinkers—it is juſt as ridiculous, as Dr. Bentley obſerves ‖, as to talk of a rope of ſand.

And let me particularly enjoin you never to take up ill opinions of, or denounce againſt any man, merely on account of his ſect or party—for, as our Saviour ſays "In his Father's houſe there are many "manſions," ſo I have no doubt but there are many ways that may laid to them.

Enthuſiaſm is the growth of a narrow mind and a heated imagination, infidelity is the reſult of falſe reaſoning, and a wick-

‖ Phil. Lipſ.

ed

ed bias — from the former we are empowered to believe "a ſolid ſyſtem of old wives ſtories," and from the latter, that, though the hiſtory be ever ſo authentic, we ought never to believe at all — whatever may be their difference in another world, in this they equally tend to gloom, madneſs, and deſperation—by not calling in our reaſon, we debaſe the religion we profeſs, and by calling in too much, we are apt to invalidate faith, reject revelation, and then our minds will extravagate through all the wilds of error and abſurdity.

I am ever your affectionate father,

Robert Paulet.

P. S. In regard to the preſent diſpute about the Articles, my own opinion is, that no other teſt ſhould be required than the Apoſtles Creed; but this opinion is not orthodox.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Am juſt returned from Sadlers Wells, which does not only lower my idea of the times, but even of human nature — I do not ſo much reflect on the entertainment itſelf, as it is called, as on the cruel means that muſt have been made uſe of before the managers could have procured ſo dreadful an exhibition — whence can ariſe the pleaſure of ſeeing children ſuſpended in the air, or toſſed about at the utmoſt hazard of their lives to gratify the avarice of unnatural parents? But indeed the country affords almoſt as ſtrong inſtances of cruelty as town, for wreſtling, ſingle-ſtick, or even foot-ball, are never conſidered as diverſions, by the common people, but as attended with danger, miſchief, or blood-ſhed; — but in town, what ſhocks me moſt, is, that continual flocking to executions — in the country, from

from the leſs frequency of them, even butchers weep, but here they are accounted the next diverſions to Sadlers Wells; and by uſe men can ſee a monkey dangling from a wire, or a fellow-creature expiring at the gallows with equal unconcern—how much care therefore ſhould be taken to inculcate the principles of humanity in youth, a term which, in general, I believe, is miſtaken for cowardice; how little care indeed is taken, even amongſt the higher ranks of people, who ſuffer their children unmercifully to treat the whole brute-creation, and then wonder that in time they become cruel enemies and undutiful children — they think not how early theſe inhuman principles are imbibed; they begin indeed in infancy only with torturing flies, but they end in delighting to view the moſt horrid murders of the inquiſition.

At other places of great reſort, a dog ſhows you what it is o'clock; bears dance minuets, and ſparrows country-dances; but ſuch exhibitions ought not to be allowed

lowed in a civilized country; for no valuable discoveries are likely to be made from them, that can any ways atone for the tortures which the birds or animals must experience in the training.

You find I am desirous of seeing every thing once, and giving you my free thoughts as they flow, without staying to marshal them in any order. I return you my best thanks for the kind advice contained in your last — and wish to receive more hints on the same subject.

— remain, &c.

Charles Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

THE alterations already made at Marleſton are ſo great, that I hardly know my own village — Mr. Maſſem every day makes purchaſes of ground, no matter at what expence, that Mr. Layout may at leaſt acknowledge he has ſcope enough for his invention. I hear of nothing but Obeliſks, Statues, Gazebos, Terminations, and a Laurel-belt—they talk of taſte juſt as if it was to be brought down in a broad-wheeled waggon, and they had nothing to do but to ſcatter it at random — Mr. Layout thinks there ſhould be a clump, and there is one; the 'ſquire thinks it would look pretty to cut a viſta through it, and it is cut; and his ſiſter thinks ſhe ſhould like a dairy-houſe near the ſpot, and ſhe builds it—ſo that at laſt it will be an *Olio*, a *Chriſtmas Pie*, a *Solomon Gundy*, or perhaps a *Fool's Coat* — I muſt own, it rather grieves me to find that the grove on

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the right hand, where the ruſtic ſeat was, with the motto of *Hæ latebræ dulces & ſi jam credis, amœnæ*, ſhould be condemned to be cut down, as well as the large one, which Mr. Arlington had uſed to call Shenſtone's Grove, for the urn to his memory was prettily executed, and the placing of the ſtatue of the Sibyl in front of it, which ſeemed to exclaim, *Procul O procul eſte profani!* was in my opinion a very happy thought—however, they are all to be ſwept away, to make room, as the 'ſquire informs me, for a fine Mercury, *with his quiver*, and a Hercules *with his trident*—I fear, ſome how or other, theſe Latin mottoes have called down vengeance on the groves themſelves, for I am ſure, that neither he nor his chaplain can conſtrue them—inſtead of theſe venerable ſhades, a paltry ſhrubbery is to be planted, which is to be decorated (as the 'ſquire would ſay), "with all the monſters of the internal world."—By what I ſee of the intended alterations of the water, it is deſtined to take any courſe but its own, for the merit of every thing ſeems to conſiſt

ſiſt only in the ſum it is to coſt; — where the genius of the place is attended to, I am as much delighted as any man with modern improvements — but where expence is only conſidered, or miſtaken as another name for real taſte, I feel ſo much diſguſt, that I turn away my eyes from falſe ornament, to contemplate nature herſelf in a ſimple farm, unbroke-in upon by a Mr. Layout.

Mr. Maſſem has not only qualified himſelf to act as a Juſtice of the peace, but has likewiſe bought a ſeat in parliament— from this latter acquiſition to his dignity, he will be enabled to do very little good or harm; but from the former, where ſome preparation is neceſſary, much miſchief may accrue to the neighbourhood, if he ſhould prove, as I fear will be the caſe, "a law unto himſelf."—Indeed I am far from wiſhing to circumſcribe the power of a juſtice, for very few are willing to act as it is without pecuniary advantages, — and this I partly attribute to the great encreaſe of attornies — theſe ſinful

men

men in the fleſh (as the Quakers call them) have ſtopped the free courſe of juſtice, and turned that food, which ought to have proved our nouriſhment and ſupport, into a diſeaſe. — What could be his motive for going into parliament *(except the honour on't)* I did not foreſee, but Miſs Maſſem informs me, that this will account for his civility in bowing to many of the ſhabby-looking people that he meets with in the ſtreets of London—he may now call them his conſtituents, but I believe in reality they are no other than his own poor relations.

Oh! Charles, this Miſs Maſſem is, I fear, a woman of bad principles; and though ſhe is particularly kind and attentive to my daughter, yet I heartily wiſh the girl had never been introduced to her — ſhe is artful in her conduct, violent in her prejudices, and "made up of paſſions." — Her friends pretend to excuſe her by ſaying that ſhe cannot curb herſelf, and that ſhe is always the ſame before every body, but I ſhould be apt to add, except her brother,

brother, from whom ſhe has large expectations, ſo that you ſee the God of Wealth has infinitely more influence over her than the God of Heaven.

There is a captain continually with her, whom I utterly deteſt; but of him more hereafter.

P. S. Mr. Maſſem has juſt been with me, and told me the price of his ſeat; and I agree with him that he has bought in very dear, for the ſtocks on that exchange are ſoon likely to fall.

All your letters give me pleaſure, ſo, pray, write as often as you can.

Your ſiſter joins in all love with your affectionate father,

Marleſton,

Robert Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

MR. Maſſem's family intend to go to town immediately after Chriſtmas, to ſtay only a very ſhort time, and they have been ſo kind as to offer to take me with them, and bear all my expences — this is a favour that I had no right in the world to expect from them; but great as it is, I fear I ſhall not be able to accept it, unleſs you, brother, will be ſo good as to throw in your intereſt with my Father — Miſs Maſſem has lain at him continually, but let her ſay what ſhe will, he ſeems to have no inclination but to mew me up at Marleſton—whenever I urge any thing of the neceſſity of my ſeeing more of the world, he always ſays he does not wiſh it—that he had much rather ſee me married to a good man, than a great one, and I believe he is as likely to meet with the one as the other in this neighbourhod, unleſs he

he can perſuade poor old Dr. Snore to make an offer, or the ever amiable and charming Maſter Patty Pipkin; but perhaps he aſpires ſo high as to think I may marry 'ſquire Homebrew'd, or Parſon Poacher—if I ſhould be honoured with the firſt my employment would be I ſuppoſe to make tea all day long to ſettle his ſtomach, and if I take the other, I ſhould be conſtantly engaged in packing up hampers of hares and partridges to ſend to Town, to be exchanged by his correſpondents for oyſters and brandy—My father ſeriouſly, I believe, means all for my good, but I am every day more and more convinced that his not knowing the world, will be my greateſt misfortune, for I am ſure Marleſton is not the place, if a woman (as Miſs Maſſem ſays) is intended to make the moſt of herſelf. In ſhort, brother, all my comfort this winter depends upon you, for there is nobody elſe can perſuade my father if you can't; and you muſt have a poor opinion indeed of me, if you think both my ſafety and prudence are at ſtake, becauſe

I ſhall chance to breathe for a week or two the air of London.

Let me hope ſoon to feel the effects of ſuch a letter as you can write if you pleaſe, which will ever confer a moſt laſting obligation on your affectionate ſiſter,

Marleſton, Suſan Paulet.

To

To Miſs Paulet, &c.

Dear Siſter,

BY all the affection I bear you, let me entreat you not to urge this London journey too far — my father is convinced that it is abſolutely improper, or he never would deny you; and I think you could not enjoy pleaſures abroad that muſt be purchaſed with uneaſineſs at home—perhaps he wiſhes not to receive ſuch obligations, or perhaps he thinks that it will throw you into a mode of life not calculated to promote your real happineſs — whatever are his objections, I ſhould think his ſentiments ſhould be the rule of your conduct. In regard to "Women making the moſt of themſelves," Miſs Maſſem has borrowed that idea from her brother, who has been uſed in India to make ſuch purchaſes at a public market; and indeed if the plan was as openly avowed here, in my mind it would make but very little difference—for

what is running from plays to concerts, from concerts to routs, and from routs to the Pantheon, but being equally expoſed to ſale at a public market — and what is the preparation to it but the vileſt proſtitution of time, reaſon, and tranquility— the mornings are paſſed in ſelecting ornaments, and the conqueſts of the evening depend on the ſkill of the hairdreſſer in adjuſting them — how important He is conſidered can only be known by ſeeing the diſappointment, vexation, and uneaſineſs that are occaſioned when, after two hours waiting, the fatal meſſage is brought, that he cannot poſſibly wait on the lady till next day—and what are the conqueſts after all, that are to be made here—of men perhaps chagrined at having loſt their laſt guinea, or of fops who have found out a new way to trim their frocks, or tye their neckcloths—alas, theſe men are too much taken up with themſelves to be ſufficiently attentive to the ladies, and the Wiſe have long ſince known that, where a woman's darling paſſion is Vanity, the firſt fruits of marriage can only be a Divorce.

I have been obliged to ſpeak out; but I make no apology, for I am certain that your future welfare depends entirely on your preſent caution.

I am with more ſincerity than complaiſance,

Your moſt affectionate brother,

Cavendiſh-ſquare, Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Father,

ALL the diverſions I ſee here contribute to lower my reſpect for the public—whether the national capacity is weakened, or whether the encreaſing numbers of the idle and the vain make it no longer neceſſary to conſult propriety in entertainments, I know not, but certain I am that the taſte of the town is as depraved as its principles.

It was a complaint made, ſome years ago, that our Operas were diſgraced with the loweſt inſipidity of compoſition and ſing-ſong, and that there was nothing to be admired but the mere tricks of the performers—this muſt always be the caſe in a nation where a fidler is more eſtimated than a compoſer; but now the times are ſo far altered, that neither the fidler nor the muſic are attended to at all—if the eye is pleaſed, the ear and underſtanding are

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to be gratified of courſe.—Thoſe who chiefly frequent operas, gape out this part of the performance, and wake not till they are caught up with raptures at the unmeaning ſtrut of a celebrated Dancer.

Tranſlations of that miſerable dialogue, which were heretofore thought only fit to be ſet to muſic, are now received at the theatres with the greateſt applauſe, under the appellation * of Comedy — bewilder only the attention with a quick ſucceſſion of incidents, and Scotticiſms, French jargon, and Iriſh blunders, in ſhort, a Babel of languages are ſure to ſupply all deficiencies of wit and humour.

In regard to Tragedies — thoſe that I have ſeen are merely indebted to the quackery of a manager for their ſucceſs, indeed moſt of them appear to be made by the ſame receipt—the ingredients are a

* Mr. Paulet ſurely forgets the Weſt Indian, which is undoubtedly one of the beſt Comedies in the language. Editor.

tyrant, a marriage, inceſt, murder, and a triumph: the poetry (once thought eſſential) now ſeems to make the leaſt part of the production—a ſcheme is laid between a manager, a painter, an author, and a ſcene-ſhifter to fabricate a new piece—the action muſt be laid in a part of the world that will beſt ſuit the ſcenery of the houſe; for, by a little dexterity in the painter, the figure of a Coloſſus may be eaſily changed into an Egyptian idol;—the next ſtep is to conſult the ſtrength of the houſe, in regard to the performers—as there are no tolerable men, the lady muſt recite at leaſt half the play—they have an old man that can make a ſhift to whine out a ſmall part, a roaring tyrant, and a d-mn your blood lover, and then the ſcene-ſhifters may ſupply the reſt. — Whilſt the work is perfecting, the public is informed by the News-papers that a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities (now abroad) will ſoon favour the town with a new tragedy—the firſt night of the performance the houſe is crowded in every corner of it (for mankind are not in queſt of what is good, but

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of any Haſh that they miſtake to be a new one) — the curtain riſes to ſoft muſic, the lady makes vows at the altar, the tyrant and his trumpets alarm her — ſhe faints, and is ordered to be married. — A hermit ſecretes her from the tyrant — diſcovers himſelf to be her father, the lover finds out the hermitage, and the ſecond act ends with their embraces. — They muſt then embrace no more — he is her brother — ſhe flies from him to an altar, or a tomb, (this makes variety in the puppet-ſhow) — the tyrant ſees her, and would abſolutely bear her off, but ſhe is reſcued by her brother. — In the fourth act her brother is ſeized by the tyrant's guards — is impriſoned — ſhe viſits him — the guards drag her from her brother to the tyrant — he then reſolves inſtantly to marry her — ſhe ſcreams, and the hermit burſts in, and promiſes to make an important diſcovery, if he will only delay the nuptials — the tyrant ſtill perſiſts — his guards ſeize the hermit — ſhe rages, prays, and goes mad — the noiſe encreaſes, and the theatre is drowned with tears. — Expectation is now big for the

fifth

fifth act—what a ſcene of diſtreſs!—ſhe is abſolutely forced to the altar, but there, rather than marry the tyrant, the murderer of her race, ſhe recovers her ſenſes, and murders him herſelf—the guards take no notice of the matter, and the houſe applauds her for near a quarter of an hour; —the hermit then declares that her lover is not her brother, but a young prince whom he has educated, and therefore with great piety gives his bleſſing on their nuptials—all then is joy and exultation—and thus, agreeable to all the rules of Tragedy, ends this miſerable happy cataſtrophe. —Some half dozen in the theatre perhaps may be rather diſcontented, but to keep them in humour, a favourite actreſs takes off their attention from the play, by giving them the news of the town by way of epilogue.

This may not be the exact drama; but *Sethona*, which I have juſt now ſeen, is, if poſſible, much more ridiculous and inconſiſtent.

I am ever, &c.

Charles Paulet.

P. S.

P. S. The author of Sethona has ſacrificed his own better judgment in compliance with the taſte of the town — his tragedy of Zingis has infinite merit, and his Hiſtory of Hindoſtan intitles him to a high rank amongſt the learned and ingenious.

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Brother,

MR. Maſſem's family have been ſome time in town, and I begin to think it full as well that I am left behind; however, I ſhall always ſubmit my ſolicitudes to the prudence of my friends. — My father has been very kind in paying off all my expences on my Derbyſhire tour, tho' Mr. Maſſem was very much againſt it; and he ſays, that as ſoon as ever he thinks it expedient, he will give me leave to take another journey — do not think ill of me for the over anxiety I have ſhown about this, but rather view me with an eye of pity, for though I ſhare the caution of a father, and the affection of a brother, yet deprived of a mother's peculiar watchfulneſs and care, what am I but a poor unſheltered bark expoſed to every gale.

I am

I am in all ſincerity your affectionate ſiſter,

Marleſton. Suſan Paulet.

To

To Mr. Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

ACCORDING to your desire I shall now endeavour to point out to you some *Minutiæ* as they are called, which may serve as proper hints, before you go into Holy Orders — Minutiæ, which not being sufficiently attended to, always confirm me in the opinion that a minister is either ignorant of, or indifferent to the service he is to perform.—By the Rubrick, before the Common Prayer of the 2d of Edw. VI. it was ordered that the priest being in the choir (that is, in his own seat there) should begin with the Lord's Prayer; but early in the reign of queen Elizabeth, reading desks were set up in the body of the church, and then the Sentences, Exhortations, Confession, and Absolution were generally introduced ‡ — in

‡ Vid. Burn's Eccles. Law.

regard

regard to the Sentences, I ſhall only obſerve that any of them are proper, but if you begin with "If we ſay that we have no ſin, we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confeſs our ſins, He, &c."—you muſt here ſupply the word *God*, for *He* has no reference. The exhortation, which muſt be read with dignity and earneſtneſs, ſhould cloſe I think at "heavenly Grace," and the words "ſaying after me," ſhould be pronounced as you are kneeling down.—The abſolution ſhould not be given, as I have frequently heard it, as if the miniſter had power to forgive ſins, but the voice muſt be carefully kept up till you come to "He pardoneth and forgiveth, &c."—The Venite, which muſt now be conſidered as another exhortation, was formerly uſed to haſten people into church, and Durandus I think, mentions that ſome lazy Chriſtians had always uſed to lie in bed till they heard the Venite ſung.—The

Pſalms

Pſalms * have been objected to by many, as being compoſed for particular occaſions, and not general enough in their uſe, but they contain ſuch energy, ſuch ſimplicity and elegance, that the fineſt fervour of devotion

* In point of compoſition, the 114th Pſalm is a finer ode than any in Horace.

When Iſrael came out of Egypt, and the houſe of Jacob from among ſtrange people.

Judah was his ſanctuary; and Iſrael his dominion.

The ſea ſaw that and fled; Jordan was driven back.

The mountains ſkipped like rams: and the little hills like young ſheep.

What aileth thee, O thou ſea, that thou fleddeſt; and thou Jordan, that thou waſt driven back.

Ye mountains that ye ſkipped like rams: and ye little hills like young ſheep?

Tremble thou earth at the preſence of the Lord: at the preſence of the God of Jacob.

The following verſe "Who turned the hard rock into a ſtanding water: and the flint-ſtone in-

devotion muſt be borrowed from them—the ſtops you know are calculated for the chaunt, and much abſurdity will ariſe if you do not minutely conſider the ſenſe, and keep up your voice at the end of thoſe verſes where the ſentence is not complete—nor is this all—the manner muſt be particularly attended to—a penitential Pſalm ſhould be read very differently from that of an exultation;—in regard to the leſſons, there is ſtill a greater ſcope—the manner of reading them ſhould be as various as the matter; for what can be more oppoſite than the commands of Pharaoh, and the ſupplication of Judah—this is ſcarce ever attended to, for moſt divines, I am ſorry to ſay, read even the threatenings of Goliah with the meek voice of David—the New Teſtament demands that in the goſpel you ſhould plain-

to a ſpringing well," in the Tranſlation is an inſtance of the Bathos, and I could *there* wiſh to have it omitted. What a ſubject is this Pſalm for ſetting to muſic, if Boyce, Howard, or ſome other great compoſer was to undertake it!

ly

ly recite a narrative—in the fifteenth of Corinthians, that you ſhould triumph in your redemption.—In the Belief, I confeſs, that I am much hurt that moſt congregations ſhould bow at the name of Jeſus, and not at that of God the Father—this—if it has any meaning, exalts the Son above the Father, which is unneceſſary in a Proteſtant country—but the cuſtom has crept in from taking a text in St. Paul in the literal ſenſe "at the name of Jeſus every knee ſhall bow," &c.—Then follow the Collects—and here I muſt particularly take notice of that on Advent Sunday, which I hope you can repeat with the propriety it deſerves—when you come to that paſſage "that at the laſt day, when He ſhall come again in his glorious Majeſty," &c. your own feelings will prompt you to throw in a ſuitable degree of ſolemnity—weigh the whole of it, I entreat you, for it is one of the fineſt models of petitionary compoſition—When the Order for Morning and Evening Service began with the Lord's Prayer, it ended with the third Collect for Grace—the Litany was then a

ſeparate

ſeparate ſervice, and I could almoſt wiſh that it had either remained ſo, or that more prayers were omitted on thoſe days that it is appointed to be read — the recital of it however requires particular attention— oh! how frequently has it offended both my ear and underſtanding when a miniſter has made a full ſtop "at all uncharitableneſs," as if he had no need to be delivered from it."—In regard to the Communion Service, I ſhall at preſent only obſerve, that you ſhould not give the Commandments from the altar—this is making the old law of more weight than the new —the code to be amended more ſacred than the law explained—in ſhort, if it muſt be read at all, it ſhould be read at the beginning, not at the end, but I need not inform you that this likewiſe was originally a ſeparate ſervice. Theſe are the chief remarks which immediately occur, and which being weighed, may add propriety to the fervency of your devotion—the ſubject will improve upon you by attention, for though I am not ſo zealous as ſome divines who aſſert that our ſervice is perfect

fect in the beauty of holineſs, yet I am fully convinced, that upon the whole it is a reaſonable and a holy ſervice ‡.—In regard to ſermons, let me aſk you the following queſtions—Have you ſtudied Dr. Jeremy Taylor for matter and not for ſtyle? Have you read Dr. Clarke for fine arguments and nice diſtinctions—Sherlock for ſtrength and perſuaſion *, and Jortin for plain reaſon and ſober ſenſe—have you felt the ſublimity of Warburton †, and admired

‡ Controverſy about the Trinity, in my opinion, is a diſeaſe that wants quiet rather than cure—as to the Articles, the divines muſt give up a few to ſave the reſt—they urge that ſuch teſts are neceſſary to keep out Arians, Socinians, *Evanſonians*, &c—why ſhould they be kept out? In the name of God, I ſay, let them all come in, and be made here, as I hope they will be here after, one fold under one ſhepherd!

* "Aſk the ſinner then, whether the fears of futurity are all idle dreams? And as you like his anſwer follow his example." Sherlock's 8th Diſcourſe, 4th vol.

† "Thoſe ſpecific attributes, from which we deduce all our knowledge of the nature and will of God

mired the conciſe elegance of Hurd?—You can anſwer, I hope, all theſe queſtions in the affirmative—let me then adviſe you to buy all the ſermons that Manwaring has ever publiſhed—would his pamphlets were folios! but for more common uſe attend to—ſtudy Bourdalone—the

God, are formed on analogy and bear relation to ourſelves. But then, we ſay, ſuch attributes are not on that account the leſs real or eſſential. The light of the ſun is not in the orb itſelf what we ſee it in the rainbow. There it is one candid, uniform, perfect blaze of glory: here, we ſeparate its perfection, in the various attributes of red, yellow, blue, purple, and what elſe the ſubtile optician ſo nicely diſtinguiſhes. But ſtill the ſolar light is not leſs real in the rainbow, where its rays become thus untwiſted, and each different thread diſtinctly ſeen, than while they remain united and incorporated with one another in the ſun. Juſt ſo it is with the divine nature: it is one ſimple, individual perfection in the Godhead himſelf: but when refracted and divaricated, in paſſing through the human mind, it becomes power, juſtice, mercy; which are all ſeparately and adequately repreſented to the underſtanding" Warburton's 2d Serm. 1ſt vol.

length

length of your diſcourſes ſhould not exceed twenty minutes (few hearers can keep up their attention ſo long), but ſhould you be dull, heavy, uninſtructive, nay I will ſay unentertaining, half that time will be eſtimated an hour—a good ſermon, delivered with propriety and earneſtneſs, always attracts—even the infidel keeps his ſnuff-box in his pocket, and the ladies are ſilent about their fans; but once loſe their attention, the whole air diſtils the dews of Morpheus, the 'prentice recollects his Saturday's fatigue, and his miſtreſs is forced to pinch her huſband to prevent a ſnore—in ſhort, though I hate both, I think volatile eſſence is a better ingredient in a ſermon than a downright opiate.—But what ſubjects muſt you chooſe for diſcourſes?—here I ſhould heſitate—by no means introduce party—never preach *at* any body; this is the fruit of private reſentment, not of Chriſtian zeal—don't pretend to expound very difficult texts—expoſitions of this kind become the preſs better than the pulpit—ſuch diſquiſitions ſhould be read not heard—addreſs the

ſenſes

ſenſes and the heart—quote not chapter and verſe, but give the ſubſtance, and if you could, the manner of St. Paul; for I am convinced that he preached not like — or — but like Hinchliffe, Porteus, or Hurd; — now and then take ſubjects from the Bible, but moſt frequently from the New Teſtament; a good comment on any ſentence in our Saviour's ſermon on the mount is of itſelf a full diſcourſe, but you may make excurſions — I have read excellent diſcourſes againſt gaming, and very lately a moſt uſeful ſermon againſt inhumanity to brutes. But where are you to preach? — By no means for a conſtancy in a village, where your principal auditors will be only a few overgrown farmers * —it is ſcarce poſſible to do much good amongſt them—they will not regard you

* It is well Mr. Paulet has confined himſelf to the overgrown ones, for I humbly conceive that the middling farmers, like the middle ranks of people, were the moſt attentive as well as the moſt intelligent of his audience. Editor.

for your reaſoning, but for your revenue; and I declare I would almoſt as willingly ſee you tranſported to live amongſt the New Zealanders, as (after the education I have given you) that you ſhould fall at laſt a dupe to groſs ignorance and low conceit — the ſoldier is brave, and the ſailor is generous —the mechanic in the courſe of his traffic has had opportunities of enlarging his ideas; but the farmer having never burſt the web, thinks himſelf as wiſe as his pariſh clerk, who is convinced of his own omniſcience, becauſe he has never met with any one but the parſon to tell him the contrary—I allow that I ſpeak here with ſome degree of acrimony, but I am clearly convinced that theſe men have greatly augmented the diſtreſſes of the inferior clergy, and it is chiefly owing to them, in conjunction with attornies, that there is ſo much "leading into captivity, and ſuch complaining in our ſtreets." — Theſe are the only men about us, my dear Charles, who have

ſhown

ſhown neither gratitude nor affection to the memory of poor Mr. Arlington, yet are ready upon every occaſion to bow the knee moſt ſervilely to the Nabob. — This brings melancholy reflections: adieu for the preſent, and believe me ever

your affectionate father,

Marleſton, Robert Paulet.

P. S. Let me give you one more caution in regard to ſermons — never introduce any thing ludicrous in them— it may be called preaching in the manner of South or Sterne, but it is a bad manner, and I pray you avoid it — Atterbury has frequently diſguſted me beyond meaſure with vulgar alluſions; and even the biſhop of Glouceſter, when he talks of Hocus Pocus tricks, in a ſermon on the reſurrection.

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Cannot forbear ſending you my earlieſt acknowledgements for your kind remarks—I will give them, at leaſt, all the attention they deſerve.

I have not only ſeen your neighbour, Mr. Maſſem, but have heard him ſpeak in the houſe of commons on the bookſellers petition—he enlarged on the *nearneſs* and *dearneſs* of property in general—" that it was for that only that men had been enabled to riſque every thing that was valuable to them in this life — that he thought authors were a very pernicious race of men; that they cauſed all that abuſe on men of property that appeared ſo frequently in the news-papers, and that the bookſellers were a pack of bloodhounds that ſet them on; that he therefore hoped neither of them would have any relief under *this here* bill — that he thoroughly underſtood

derſtood this particular kind of property; he had weighed it, and viewed it in every light, and was fully convinced that the whole was merely a diſpute between the ſtatute law and the common law of the land; for his own part, therefore, he ſhould always be for the former." — He ſpoke long and with great confidence, and was much better heard on the ſubject of *property*, than either a Burke or a Barre would have been, had the *weight* and *circulation* of it been materially engaged againſt them.

I write with a rapid pen, which you muſt excuſe, &c.

I am your dutiful
and affectionate ſon,

Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Charles,

I Was in hopes to have found more Remarks of Mr. Arlington's on Gardening, &c. than I am at preſent able to ſend you — he evidently intended to have ſaid more on Architecture, which is abſolutely neceſſary likewiſe to be thoroughly underſtood by the complete Maſter of Modern Deſign.

From theſe papers you will ſee what notions the ancients held of gardening in general; but ſhould you ever wiſh to dive into further particulars, I will ſhew you a moſt curious book on that ſubject, which I have by me; the title of it is *Stengel de Horto*—mine is the ſecond edition, printed in 1650.—There are a thouſand different receipts to make paradiſes; and his account of the gardens in Italy will much divert you: indeed I ſuſpect that the Italian gardens are not much improved ſince the

the days of *Phflaumeren.*—In regard to the French gardens, you may look over a book entitled *Voyage Pittoreſque des Environs des Paris, par M. D. . .* He begins, as you would ſuppoſe a Frenchman to begin, with ſaying, "Ce n'eſt point un paradoxe, "d'avancer que les plus beaux jardins de "l'Europe ſont ceux de France."—I was ſurpriſed to find in Maundrell's Travels, that there was ſo much genuine taſte amongſt the Turks.

Since Lord Kaims and Mr. Shenſtone publiſhed their Remarks, there has appeared a little Eſſay on Deſign in Gardening, by a gentleman of the Temple, and an octavo volume of Obſervations, written by Mr. Wh—ley; both of them books of merit, but the latter, I think, is too full of technical terms for a novice to engage in.

Mr. Arlington differs in opinion from Mr. Maſon, in regard to avenues—this is combating great authority, but if I was to decide, I ſhould be ſo old-faſhioned as

to give my verdict againſt the poet. But you will ſay, what is all this to me, who perhaps may never have ten acres of ground in my poſſeſſion, or ever cultivate any thing better than potatoes or cabbages—this may be very true, but I would be equally able to feel, and to make proper remarks, and to exclaim in the words of Goldſmith, that lawns, lakes, towns, fields, and woods

"For me their tributary ſtores combine;
"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

I am your ever affectionate father,

Marleſton,
March 1, 1774. Robert Paulet.

STRIC-

STRICTURES ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

From Mr. ARLINGTON's Papers.

Τότι γὰρ ἡ τίχνη τέλειος ἡνικ' ἂν φύσις εἶ δοκῆ, ἡ δ' αὖ φύσις ἐπιτυχής ὅταν λαιθάνυσαν περιέχηην τίχνην. Longinus.

GARDENING, ſays an ingenious author*, was at firſt an uſeful art" — but Eden † was calculated for pleaſure, and a life of labour ſucceeded not till after the fall.

"In modern language, the garden of Alcinous might be but a kitchen-garden," yet, as Euſtathius obſerves, "ornaments was ſought for even there, however unſucceſsfully," unleſs we ſuppoſe the deſcription given by Homer to be "wholly poetical, and made at the pleaſure of the painter, like the little iſland of Phæacia."

It would not be of much importance to enquire whether the gardens of Babylon were brought into uſe by Semi-

* Lord Kaims. † Sir William Temple.

ramis, Cyrus, or Belus — we find in general that they were terraces one above the other, carried up to the height of the wall of the city, and planted with ſtately trees, in imitation of the hanging woods, which Amyite had been accuſtomed to in the mountainous parts of Media.

As the gardens of Solomon were chiefly calculated for magnificence, and thoſe of the Heſperides celebrated for the excellence of their fruit only, I ſhall venture to ſuppoſe the dawn of taſte to riſe with the old Bard in his deſcription of Calypſo's bower.

Without the grot, a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
Four limpid fountains from the clifts diſtil,
And every fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:

Where

Where bloomy maids with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round;
A ſcene, where if a god ſhould caſt his ſight,
A god might gaze, and wonder with delight. Pope's Odyſſey.

It is not improbable, ſays Sir William Temple, but that the moſt refined pleaſures of invention deſcended earlier into Lower Aſia from Damaſcus and Aſſyria—but as theſe nations abounded not with heroes, the poets make little or no mention of them.

It has been ſuppoſed, that Epicurus was the firſt who introduced gardens into Greece—but Pliny aſſures us, he was only the firſt who had a garden within the city of Athens, whereas before his time they were without the walls, like the *Horti Suburbani* of the Romans.

In

In ſuch retreats this great philoſopher gave the moſt ſhining precepts of morality, however miſrepreſented by the Stoic, or miſtaken by thoſe groſs pretenders to his ſect, who conceived pleaſure to conſiſt only in ſenſuality — they ſerved the two purpoſes of aſſembling the philoſopher's pupils for inſtruction, and of furniſhing them, as Cowley well expreſſes it, "with cheap and virtuous luxury."

Nor was this luxury confined merely to the philoſophers — the greateſt warriours ſought for hours of reflection in ſuch retirements, and the ſame hands were employed in the ſervice of agriculture, which had raiſed and ſupported the glory of their country.

Though utility was chiefly ſought for in the gardens of the philoſophers, yet Virgil's Deſcription of the Elyſian Fields affords a moſt beautiful ſpecimen of bold imagery and rich deſign. — "The full green of the woods — the gayly illuminated lawn, the grove with the rapid river iſſuing from it; the duſky thickets, the freſh

freſh meads watered with rills, the ſequeſtered vale rendered more ſolemn by the thick wood, and placid ſtream."—His account likewiſe of the old Corycians gardens makes us greatly lament, that haſte ſhould have deprived the world of his maſterly inſtructions on a ſubject he ſo much admired—Father Harduin, indeed, in his Notes on Pliny, thinks the loſs is amply made up to us by his brother Jeſuit's Poem on Gardening, which he puts in competition with the Georgics—an opinion which will be adopted by ſuch critics as feel no difference between the feeble deſcriptions of—and the glowing pictures of a *Maſon*.

In England we have ever, till of late, moſt ſervilely copied our methods of gardening from the Italians, French, Flemiſh, or Dutch, all of whom indeed ſeem to have offered nothing better in the conſtruction of them, than "clipt hedges, parterres, ſquirting fountains, true-love knots, and flouriſhes."—Sir William Temple ſeems much delighted with the taſte brought

brought in by King William, of which the evergreen quarter at Kenſington remains a ſpecimen; and offers Moore Park, in Hertfordſhire, as the perfecteſt figure of a garden he ever ſaw—indeed he allows there may be other forms admitted wholly irregular, but they muſt owe their beauty to ſome extraordinary diſpoſitions of nature.

Lord Bacon does not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden-ſtuff—"they be for children," ſays he—"but can approve of little low hedges cut round like welts, with ſome pretty pyramids—and in ſome places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work."

Mr. Pope ſeverely ridicules the invaſion of nature, but propoſes a place to be copied from, which in his time partook largely of the old abſurdities *; and whoſe beauties were but trifling and puerile—

* A full detail of them may be found in Monſ. de Phflaumeren, &c.

Stowe,

Stowe, when compared with Verſailles, might demand ſome ſhare of admiration, but immenſe would be the diſtance from that genuine taſte which *Shenſtone* ‖ "and nature have brought us acquainted with."

Stowe, indeed, under its modern improvements, may be conſidered as a very fine ſpecimen of taſte and deſign, particularly by thoſe who are unacquainted with the exquiſite elegance—I had almoſt ſaid the abſolute perfection of Lord Scarſdale's.

"It ſeems to me, ſays lord Kaims, far from an exaggeration, that good profeſſors are not more eſſential to a college than a ſpacious garden, which ought to be tempered with ſimplicity, rejecting ſumptuous and glaring ornaments—in this reſpect the univerſity of Oxford may be deemed a perfect model."—That the gardens of Oxford may be as uſeful and efficacious as thoſe of ancient Rome, for the purpoſes of ſtudy and application, I will

‖ Vide Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

by

by no means preſume to deny — but they are certainly as artful as their buildings— they are formal without unity of deſign, and complex without variety.

"Regularity," ſays the ſame author, "is required in that part of a garden which joins the dwelling-houſe." — The beauties of a dwelling-houſe ariſe from regularity and proportion, but the works of art and nature have a different deſtination — utility would ſuffer if the ground was not poliſhed near the dwelling; but this poliſh, to ſpeak philoſophically, ſhould be, I think, inverſely as the diſtance.

Mr. Burke doubts "whether beauty be at all an idea belonging to proportion" — ſurely the effect produced by it in architecture ſtrikes even a common eye with pleaſure — the inſtance produced from vegetables is not much to the purpoſe, for it will appear from an accurate ſurvey, that there is more regularity in the

the parts of flowers than is commonly imagined—their forms indeed are infinitely varied, but in the ſame plant nature ſeldom deviates from the laws of proportion, and ſome of our beſt botaniſts have actually founded much of their ſyſtems upon the proportion of the parts—ſo far therefore from ſuppoſing no beauty to reſult from proportion, we may infer that ſome part at leaſt of the beauty even of the vegetables ariſes from it.

It is ſuppoſed by modern rules that all avenues of courſe muſt be cut down, but I am far from thinking that they may not frequently remain to great advantage—they muſt be long and wide, and ſhould properly lead to a Gothic caſtle, tower, or any other large and ancient building.—I know it has been ſaid, * "that avenues of a moderate length are far grander, and that a true artiſt ſhould always put a generous deceit on the ſpectator"—but though per-

* Vide Eſſay on Sublime and Beautiful.

ſpective

ſpective will leſſen greatneſs in height as it gains in length *," yet I think it is equally certain that the duke of Montagu's avenues will be conſidered as far more grand than thoſe in St. James's Park.

To remedy the ill effects of a ſtraight line, an uniform curve is now adopted — but alteration is not always improvement—and it reminds me of the conduct of the matron, who, to prevent her daughter from dropping her chin into her boſom, threw it up into the air by the aid of a ſteel collar — Hogarth's Analyſis has as yet been read to very little purpoſe.

" Grandeur may poſſibly be enforced by ſurprize †," but propriety will ſuffer for it—a magnificent building will certainly appear more magnificent after viewing a cottage—but where is the connection between a dairy and a Chineſe temple, a ruſtic ſeat and a Grecian altar.

* Burke.
† Shenſtone.

We

We rarely ſee the whole of a building, with its furniture, confined to one expreſſion — ſome minute article is for ever giving us diſguſt — we view an hermitage for inſtance; — from the gloomy entrance into it — the crucifix and other emblems placed in order — the ſtraw bed and old ſeat — we are ſo ſtruck with the ſolemnity of the ſcene, that we are even in expectation of ſeeing the ſaint himſelf approach to meet us — till all of a ſudden a modern dining table preſents itſelf to view, and at once deſtroys all our enthuſiaſm. — How different this from the taſte of him, who thought of only putting a few rude planks together, and carving the ſigns of the zodiac upon them.

Elevations of the different parts of Blenheim-houſe, when viewed ſeparately on paper, are not unworthy of the greateſt architect — but, when taken together, the whole appears as a moſt heavy pile of building — there is no contraſt, no relief, though Mr. Pope, perhaps, made too ſevere a remark when he called it "a quarry of ſtones above ground."

Many of our modern houſes have been built from Italian models, without the leaſt reference or conformity to the change of country—on account of heat in Italy, it is neceſſary to have but few windows — this muſt ever make a building not only appear heavy, but of courſe produce a contrary effect to that which ought to be ſought for in a northern clime.

It was not always a ſpecimen of bad taſte in our anceſtors that they built their houſes in a valley, and moated them round about — ſafety in thoſe times was

was principally to be conſidered — and improvements in mechanics had not then enabled them to live with equal convenience above hill as below.

The common opinion at preſent is, that a houſe cannot have too much proſpect; but I would carefully diſtingiſh between looking at, and overlooking objects — the ſummit may be very proper for an obſervatory, but not always for a dwelling-houſe; from which all objects, I think, ſhould be ſeen diſtinctly, without the aid of a teleſcope.

* * * * * *

"A garden on a flat *, it is ſaid, ought to be highly and † variouſly ornamented, in order to occupy the mind, and prevent its regretting the inſipidity of a uniform plain." — Artificial mounts

* Lord Kaims.

† The ornaments muſt be very carefully ſuited; for to dreſs up trifling ſubjects in grand and exalted expreſſions, will, in the end, only make them appear the more contemptible.

in

in this view are common — but no perſon has thought of an artificial walk elevated high above the plain. — The effect of ſuch a walk is moſt admirably exemplified in Mr. Garrick's § poliſhed ground at Hampton.

There will always be a material difference where the maſter himſelf is poſſeſſed of a fine taſte, when compared to that of any hireling — he will more co-operate with nature — he has a better opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the Genius of his own place — a difference not to be explained on paper perhaps, but ſtrongly to be felt at the * Leaſowes—at ‖ Cobham—at ‡ Arbory—and † Kedleſton.

§ But I cannot approve of the ſtatue of Shakeſpeare—ſurely it would have been time enough to have repreſented him in marble or ſtone, when the very Genius of Shakeſpeare no longer preſided there.

* Mr. Shenſtone's. ‖ Mr. Hamilton's.
‡ Sir R. Newdigate's. † Lord Scardale's.

No

No wonder that our taſte in England is ſtill to be condemned, ſince moſt of our largeſt gardens are laid out by ſome general undertaker, who, regardleſs of the peculiar beauties of each ſituation, introduces the ſame objects at the ſame diſtances in all.

" Art ſhould ever be timid of overſtepping the modeſty of nature, for any thing over-done is from the purpoſe; and though it may make the unſkilful admire, cannot but make the judicious grieve—" the cenſure of which, one (as Shakeſpeare obſerves to the actors) muſt in your allowance out-weigh a whole theatre of others."

Gardening then in its higheſt ſtage of improvement, is of the nature of an epic poem—the plan muſt be great, entire, and one.—* " Even the leaſt portions muſt have a reference to the

* Dryden.

whole.—

whole. — Nothing of a foreign nature, like the "trifling conceits" which bad poets, or bad gardeners are always ready to introduce; by which the obſerver is miſled into another ſort of pleaſure oppoſite to that which is deſigned in the general plan. One conduces to the deſigner's aim, the completing his work, — the other ſlackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted caſtle, when he ſhould be purſuing his main adventure."—In ſhort, as Pope ſays,

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terras, or to ſink the grot;
In all let nature never be forgot.
Still follow ſenſe, of every art the ſoul,
Parts anſw'ring parts, ſhall ſlide into a whole.

To

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Have of late forborne to give you any account of my pupil, as I could not give you a very favourable one—he is permitted by his uncle to ſit up ſo late over night, that he is generally unfit for buſineſs all the next day—A circumſtance has lately happened that has given me much uneaſineſs, though I believe I had more reaſon to be concerned for his principles than his ſafety; — a diſpute aroſe the other evening (at cards I ſuſpect), and words ran ſo high, that it was at length agreed to decide the important matter by ſingle combat — the heroes met in form at the appointed time — their piſtols miſſed fire, and the ſeconds interpoſed, — and there it ended; — this, however, with the initials of their names

—in couched terms—with diſtant obſervations—and ſhort innuendoes, makes out a very pompous paragraph for the news-papers.—I have often, in my own mind, attributed the great encreaſe of duelling to the accounts that are there inſerted—of this I am certain, it is one cauſe at leaſt, if not a principal one; but duelling will always be practiſed in every country "where the dread of ſhame is greater than the love of glory;—for inſtance, now we read, that "a great diſpute happened the other day at a certain great aſſembly" the (Robinhood perhaps, or the Sixpenny Pantheon) "which was determined to be decided by ſingle combat—on the day appointed Mr. A—— met captain B——, Mr. D—— was ſecond to Mr. A——, and captain G—— was ſecond to captain B——; Mr. A—— received the firſt fire, and aſked captain B—— if he would then aſk pardon, who roughly anſwered—no; his honour forbid him;—then ſaid Mr. A—— I muſt fire, though it

it will give me the moſt inexpreſſible concern to rob the public of ſo gallant and ſo reſpectable a character — on which he preſented his piſtol, pulled the trrigger, and the ball grazed captain B——'s ſhoulder knot, who inſtantly fell to the ground—the ſeconds interpoſed, and Mr. A—— called to a ſurgeon who ſtood at a ſmall diſtance to aſſiſt captain B——, who was immediately carried home in a chair." — Then comes, "We hear that the amiable Miſs C—— was ſo alarmed at captain B——'s danger" (ſhe did not know, we preſume, at what diſtance they were to fire) "that ſhe lay in fits the whole day, and her life is even now deſpaired of, — captain B——'s miſery on this occaſion is eaſier to be conceived than expreſſed, but he was conſcious that a man deſtitute of honour muſt be totally unworthy of Miſs C——'s love."—Let your barber only read all this, and he ſleeps not till he makes himſelf conſpicuous.

Accept my beſt thanks for the gardening papers, which I have juſt received —will write again ſoon—in the mean time, believe me, &c.

Cavendiſh-Square. Charles Paulet.

To

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

MY ſituation is every day more and more diſagreeable to me,—my pupil has formed connections that will ruin his peace, and deſtroy my ſatisfaction,—his fortune is come too ſoon, and there are vulturs that already make a prey of him;—his uncle ſays he diſapproves of gaming, but is for ever ſpeaking reſpectfully of the moſt abandoned characters of the times; and the young man is taught in the world, that to diſcharge any debts, but thoſe of honour, is mechanical,—to regard money is below a man of rank, when ſo many men without any can cut ſo great a figure;—it is not, I find, till men have played deep that they know the reſources—then they can borrow money, and get great names to be bound with them; if one

does not pay, another muſt,—but if none can? — they muſt bilk their creditors by going abroad, unleſs ſome lady of great fortune will in the mean time make herſelf happy by marrying a man of faſhion and of the world.—This year then the whole ſet are again eſtabliſhed, they contract new debts, and find out new fools to become ſecurity for the payment of them.—Whilſt our nobility and gentry are thus ſquandering away their eſtates, what wonder is it that negociators and attorneys are purchaſing all the principal ſeats about London—their incomes are made great by annuities, and their principal is eſtabliſhed by premiums—theſe uſurers if they have not the impudence to take ſeats in parliament themſelves, can nevertheleſs carry on the ſale of boroughs for their dependents; and young men thus ſeduced, are generally compelled to barter their deareſt intereſts to gain petty places in the exciſe, perhaps at the foot of the treaſury-board, that they may ſatisfy the rapacious demands of an uſurer's clerk. — Intereſt in the Houſe ariſes from connections

connections at Arthur's; and popularity is gained in the world from the clerk's brother being a writer in the news—every day new fools admire, and new fools are every day admitted to be plundered.

My pupil, alas! is already a melancholy inſtance of a ſlaviſh ſubjection to the tyranny of faſhion, and will ſoon be irrevocably plunged into the deep and deſperate gulph of gaming—laſt night, however, he gave me at leaſt a ſerious hearing, but informed me that it was utterly impoſſible that I ſhould know any thing of life or of the world. —"Gaming," ſays he, is as neceſſary a qualification for a young man of faſhion and dreſs, as dancing, fencing, or a knowledge of modern languages —it is practiſed univerſally abroad; and play here at a high ſtake is not only an introduction, but become the only key of admittance into moſt of the beſt companies; —how would Sir John Rouleau have ever got a ſeat in parliament,

if he had not made a good acquaintance at Arthur's or Newmarket? — theſe are the only ſchools of advancement; and thoſe fortunes," ſays he, "which you call loſt, are only transferred for a night or two into other hands — beſides, if they never return, the Great can eaſily make other compenſations; and where is the difference between receiving a large income from a place, or from dirty farms, except that the former is here conſidered as the more honourable—thoſe who value the latter only, can never be received into company at all, except at county-meetings or race-balls; and then they are only admitted like parſons, to laugh at bad jokes, or dance with ugly partners." — All this may be very true, but I am yet to be convinced that it is neceſſary to become a man of faſhion, if the title muſt be purchaſed at the expence of peace, virtue, honour, and religion; however, no reply can be made to arguments which have "no weak ſide" of reaſon to be attacked upon; but of this

I am

I am certain, that ſuch principles every day encreaſe in the kingdom, and in a ſhort time, I fear, will overwhelm it.

From this curs'd fount what mighty evils flow,
Gaming — thou ſource of every human woe,
Thou bane to peace, thou cauſe of every care,
Wives, children, parents — all the ruin ſhare;
'Tis thine to rob the mind of all relief,
And ſink the hero to the midnight thief!

You will, moſt probably, receive my next from Bath,—on my return from thence, I intend to leave my pupil and go into orders.

I am ever, &c.

Cavendiſh-Square. Charles Paulet.

To Mr. Charles Paulet, &c.

Dear Charles,

I Shoot this letter at random—if you have left town for Bath, it will only for a while delay ſome uneaſineſs—Glanville, I had been informed, had taken ſuch liberties with your ſiſter, that I was determined to intercept a letter which I ſuppoſed to have come from him — it proved to be the encloſed, which I ſend for your peruſal; in the mean time I have made no other comment but to forbid my daughter from ever having any more connections with that family.—You will ſee the uſe that is made of Lord Cheſterfield's Letters, which I have read, — his mind, poor man! was a fine flower-garden, over-run with weeds—but he is dead —Mr. Stanhope is likewiſe dead — they are both dead—to meditate on death is to paſs the ſevereſt cenſure on thoſe epiſtles—had he reflected on Death as frequently as on

the

the " Graces" he would not, I think, have taught his ſon that " to diſſemble was to prepare for it"—But read the encloſed.

I am, dear Charles, ever, &c. &c.

Marleſton, Robert Paulet.

To

(From Miſs Maſſem to Miſs Paulet.)

Marleſton-Hall, Sund. Morn.

My dear Suſy,

AFTER you left us laſt night, you cannot think how captain Glanville laughed at your notions of everlaſting conſtancy; and that if once you had given your affections, you was ſure they could never be alienated;—do you know that he ſwears no woman's affections ever yet ſerved a regular apprenticeſhip, and that you have arts and graces enough to make any man wind about and ſerpentine juſt as you pleaſe.—Apropos—you muſt read Lord Cheſterfield's Letters, which I will ſend you,—his advice to his ſon in regard to the world, will hold exactly right as to any woman's management of a huſband;—he ſays very juſtly "that becauſe man is a rational animal, you muſt not ſuppoſe, therefore, that he always acts rationally; you muſt watch his weak, unguarded moments, get into his ſecrets, engage his heart, and

and you will eaſily dupe his underſtanding." — Diſſimulation is the virtue of the Great, and as you will ſee from theſe excellent books, the men not only practiſe it, but profeſs it as a ſcience; how then ſhall we be able to cope with them, if we do not fight with as good weapons, and play off their own arts againſt themſelves? — Now, for inſtance, ſuppoſe you were to marry an old batchelor — I think you might overthrow all his little ſyſtems in a fortnight — to be ſure, at times, he would be reſtive and croſs, but then you muſt ſuppoſe he never ſpeaks his real ſentiments; and at others he will quietly enough return to his ſhackles — this is what Mr. Pope means by

" If ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules."

Why ſhould ſhe ſhow it? for her time to take advantage is only when alone; before company ſhe muſt always acquieſce, or the world will not be of her ſide; and, as Lord Cheſterfield ſays, the world

world is always the Dupe of deceit; and it is, therefore, much better TO SEEM than TO BE."—I knew a lady that adopted this mode of conduct exactly, and was very ſucceſsful,—to be ſure, the man was very miſerable, and at laſt, I believe, died of a broken heart; but the world, to this day, are almoſt unanimouſly agreed, that ſhe undoubtedly made him one of the very Beſt of Wives.

For the future, leave all your letters at Mary Cuttle's, and I ſhall be ſure to receive them ſafe.

I am ever my dear Suſy's
ſincereſt friend and ſervant,

Catharine Maſſem.

But, my deareſt Suſy, I muſt of all things caution you againſt marrying a Wit—it is a noxious SEEING animal, againſt whom you may play off a whole battery

battery of Tears, Oaths, Sighs, and Proteſtations, to no effect.——As to money, you muſt be an œconomiſt in HIS pleaſures, if you mean to be extravagant in YOUR OWN.

To the Rev. Mr. Paulet.

Dear Father,

I Have now been near a week at Bath with my pupil — we lodge at the new hotel, called York houſe, which is very commodious — indeed more ſo, I think, than the noble one juſt fitted up in Covent-Garden, as there are more conveniencies under the ſame roof. — You have heard ſo much of the neatneſs and regularity of the buildings here, that it is unneceſſary for me to expatiate upon them — the Circus and ſouth front of the Square are beautiful beyond deſcription; but I cannot approve the Creſcent, though I muſt confeſs I never ſaw any building (where ſo many rules of architecture were violated) that altogether looked ſo well. — To deſcribe the manners and faſhions here, would be far beyond my art, though they have many peculiar

peculiar to themſelves—as in town, people quarrel for places and preferments, and where ſome great prize is held up to the aſpirants; ſo here, for want of better employment, they have been abſolutely compelled to quarrel for nothing at all—not whether one man ſhould have more popularity or higher diſtinction than another, but whether he ſhould go up the hill or down to dance his minuet; and whether the important place of maſter of the ceremonies ſhould be filled by a native of Ireland or England—nay, to ſo great a degree has this faſhion of quarrelling for nothing prevailed amongſt the fair ſex, that, not content merely with the war of the tongue, they have even deſcended to blows—this can be attributed to nothing but the extraordinary fermentation of the waters.

The numberleſs evils to which mankind are always by neceſſity expoſed, ſhould make them, one would think, at all times endeavour to unite in bands of mutual harmony, and here eſpecially, where

where ſo many are in a perpetual ſtate of ſuffering — yet here, from mere faſhion, the ſtrangeſt infatuation prevails, even amongſt invalids, who fly as far as poſſible from the baths and the ſhelter of the lower town, to brave the turbulency of the mountains; — the buildings are now extended ſo far, that, as the Iriſhman would ſay, "Bath is run away from itſelf, it is abſolutely gone out of its own town;" and it may do very well for the healthful to follow it, but ſure it is the greateſt abſurdity in the world that invalids ſhould fly as far as poſſible from ſhelter, and from all thoſe advantages for which Bath is ſo peculiarly and ſo juſtly celebrated.

The waters (if you believe the apothecaries) are ſpecifics for all diſorders; there is only one that you can poſſibly die of, which is OBSTINACY — this becomes incurable from not taking advice enough about the uſe of them, when preſent, or by removing from the benefit of them too ſoon — it is true, lady

Skinandbone

Skinandbone has been coughing up her lungs here theſe two years, but would certainly have recovered, had ſhe not obſtinately refuſed to ſtay one fortnight longer; and my lord Laſtlegs would abſolutely have relinquiſhed his crutches in a few days more, and hung them up in the pump-room as the moſt memorable trophies in it—had he not obſtinately reſolved to change theſe ever efficacious waters for thoſe of Briſtol.

In regard to the diverſions, there is a play-houſe here, where the actors (excluſive of Garrick) are in general full as good as thoſe in town—in tragedy they do not always ſpeak with "a good accent and good diſcretion," but I have ſeen ſome characters in comedy really ſupported with great humour and propriety.—The new rooms are elegantly fitted up, and may be better calculated, perhaps, than any others for the purpoſes of dancing and gaming; but as I never partake of the latter, and not very frequently of the former, they

afford

afford me but little or no entertainment —for an evening or two I might have been delighted with the ſplendor of the appearance, but ſoon, (as ſome one expreſſes it)

" The gay idea palls upon the ſenſe,
" And coldly ſtrikes the mind with feeble
" bliſs."

In ſhort, if I was obliged to give you my opinion of Bath, I ſhould define it to be a place, in which, though life, perhaps, may not be paſſed moſt uſefully, it may, nevertheleſs, be waſted agreeably—amongſt wanton widows, and debauched wives, forſaken Iriſhmen, and forſaking men of quality.

This place is ſo ſertile of anecdote, that I could ſend you volumes from it inſtead of epiſtles.

I am ever, &c. &c.

Charles Paulet.

P. S.

P. S. There is a literary ſociety eſtabliſhed near Bath by a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, where many improvements are made on the prizes that were diſtributed by the ancients — inſtead of the bay they give jeſſamine, and inſtead of laurels artificial noſegays I have not ſeen any of the literary productions, but hear there will ſoon be publiſhed a moſt excellent didactic poem on the beautiful arch of lady Horatia Pedant's auburn eye-brow.

The following letters from the rev. Mr. Paulet to his ſon at Bath, conclude the volume.

To Mr. Paulet.

Dear Charles, Woburn, Sat. Night.

THIS morning put a period to all my happineſs — your ſiſter — your loſt unhappy ſiſter is fled with Glanville! —The care, the affection that I have ever ſhewn for her—all the principles of virtue and religion that I have ever endeavoured to inculcate, have availed her nothing, and ſhe is fled at laſt with Glanville. — From her infancy I have laboured to prove myſelf a kind and indulgent father; and now when I meant to reap the harveſt of my toil—behold, this is my reward! — but I myſelf have been the cauſe—I have given up too far, —but as ſhe had loſt her mother, and my

my notions of life were ſuppoſed to be too contracted, the opinions of others have weighed againſt me, and I have relaxed my own principles to her ruin.—I have got ſo far on my road to town, but can hear no tidings which way they took—nor is it needful for me to enquire—I am rather flying from myſelf than in purſuit of her—ſhe is for ever loſt—ſhe's ruined—ſhe fled, alas! with Glanville.—Had his intentions been honourable, whence this ſecrecy?—but nothing can exculpate her—ſhe knew the depth of miſery into which I ſhould be plunged, and, had ſhe thought of marriage, would have ſaved my deſperation.—Glanville would not marry her—he owns no ties of either honeſty or honour—he could violate all engagements (if he made any) and the infatuated world would call it Gallantry.—All her principles were polluted—ſhe was deaf to ſhame, as well as virtue, who could dare to triumph thus over the weakneſs of a father's heart.—Delay not, my ſon, to ſeek—to inquire—to upbraid—it is too late,

late, alas! to recall,—and ſhould chance or fortune caſt her in your way—reproach her with her infamy—tell her that ſhe has violated her duty to herſelf—to me—and if there needs an aggravation of her crime, to her God—that no penance can obliterate the ſtain—that ſhe has pulled down ruin on herſelf and on her father, and that his tears will be drops of vengeance on her head for ever:—tell her—no, no, this may be too harſh,—tell her only, that if ſhe would return—I could forgive her.

Dear

London.

Dear Charles,

I Have now no hopes of ſeeing you before I leave town, for I have at laſt got ſome faint intelligence of your ſiſter, and ſhall ſet off immediately for Dover—ſhould ſhe have ſet ſail (for I hear he is carrying her to France) I ſhall then relinquiſh all purſuit, and leave her to the protection of that power that can amend her heart, and aſſuage my ſorrows—when you perceive me thus torn and diſtracted with my grief, harbour not a thought that your ſiſter was ever dearer to me than yourſelf—ſhe is loſt—and now awakens all my anxiety, "but thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

Dear Charles,

LET thoſe only talk of bearing up againſt afflictions who have never felt them — there may be ſuch ſituations that no principles can fortify the mind againſt, and under which the greateſt and the beſt muſt ever fall—into ſuch a one is your unhappy father plunged.— I purſued my journey ſo much faſter than I expected, (for man neither knows his weakneſs nor his ſtrength) that I thought by night I ſhould even reach Dover, but gaining no tidings I began to ſink under my fatigue, and to hope only from time for that aid which philoſophy could not afford me.— As I was paſſing through a ſmall village, I ſaw all the people running out with unfeeling curioſity after a poor wretch, who they told me was falling into labour—the officers, I found, were perſecuting her, to ſave expences, to the next pariſh, and had refuſed her not only harbour, but reilef — no ſituation can diſpenſe with our humanity—I determined

ed, therefore, to allot ſome few ſhillings to ſuccour, at leaſt, if not to ſave this victim of diſtreſs; — as I came nearer the rabble ſtopped, and, for a while, I even forgot my own miſeries to contemplate hers — I inveighed againſt their cruelty in the bittereſt terms — broke through the crowd, and inſiſted on their affording her ſome relief — they told me "there was no occaſion, for the woman entreated only for to die" — I demanded that they ſhould convey her to the next ale-houſe, — that I would leave my watch — my money; — my aid to carry her into it, alas! I was unable to give, for ſhe was now from agonies, become an object too ſhocking for humanity to behold; — I was, at length, reſponſible for her charges, and the crowd were indifferent to her diſtreſs. — As ſoon as they had borne her in, I entreated her to take comfort — bewailed her miſeries — aſſured her, that if either by leaving my watch or ſome money, I could procure her cordial medicine or aſſiſtance, I would relieve her — ſhe looked up wiſtfully in my face,

and told me ſhe wiſhed me only to forgive — Think, my deareſt Charles, what muſt be my feelings, when I found this object of miſery to be no other than my poor unhappy daughter, whom that villain Glanville had thus baſely deſerted — for a while, I fear, I was unable to yield that aſſiſtance as a father, that ſhe would have found from me as a friend; — but recovering my tranquility — I aſſured her that all reſentments were loſt in her diſtreſs; that I had even forgot ſhe had offended me, and that if ſhe could recover — "Alas! ſays ſhe, it is now too late, for I have languiſhed whole days from want—without friend—without money—and without that comfort that innocence could have afforded me;" but that to ſee me once again was more than her fondeſt wiſhes ever formed; nor had ſhe another hope than by the bleſſing of a father to look up for the forgiveneſs of her God.—But here I pauſe, for the ſcene became too affecting, and I believe I was carried away from her before death put a period to her diſtreſs.—Fond-

ly

ly bewailing her untimely fate, I ſit by her faded corſe, and ſhed the tender tribute of unavailing tears—thinking that I ſtill ſee her only as aſleep — that I ſhall again enjoy the ſweets of her converſe, and that we ſhall again be happy—happy, indeed, we may be in another world, but never more in this — but I bluſh to refer myſelf only to futurity, when on earth I can feel no more comfort—Oh! Charles, think not that I mean to vindicate wrong, or that my fondneſs gets the better of my principles —I know her errors, but will not with a malicious world, think this the only fault that a woman can never expiate—it is not, believe me, an horror at the crime, but the pride of life that begets theſe diſtinctions. Let the cold, the ſelfiſh, and the unfriendly ſpeak rigidly of her offences, a father could feel only for her diſtreſs.—When this firſt burſt of my grief begins to ſubſide, I ſhall endeavour to take ſome meaſures for her removal; for at all adventures I reſolve to bury her at Marleſton, not with thoſe honours

nours, perhaps, as if adorned with virtue; yet, nevertheleſs with a decency that is due to the unfortunate; and leſt "ill tongues ſhould hereafter be too buſy with her fame" I will inſcribe ſomething like the following epitaph upon her tomb—

Stop—gentle maid—whoever thou art;
She that lies buried here, was once
as fair and amiable as Thyſelf.
Whilſt ſhe was innocent ſhe was happy;
but by yielding to the ſeduction of Man,
and of the World,—ſhe was cut off in
the early bloom of youth,
to deter Thee
from following her
Example.

THE END.